Vol. CXXVII. No. 1650.

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[THE BYSTANDER, JULY 31, 1935.

The BYSTANDER

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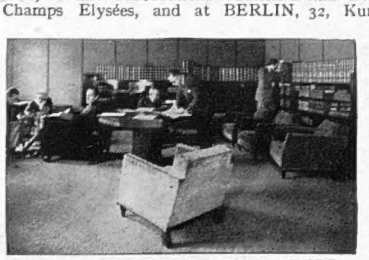

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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The Bystander, July 31, 1935

No. 1650. Vol. CXXVII.

The BYSTANDER

COVENT GARDEN'S GLAMOROUS NIGHT

Danilova, Massine, and Baronova danced in the cabaret given by principal members of Colonel W. de Basil's company of the Ballets Russes at the supper on the stage of the Covent Garden Opera House, after the Jubilee performance last week. This superbly "staged" party was in aid of the Russian Red Cross and of a benevolent fund for the Russian Ballet Company. It was attended by the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York. The lighted auditorium formed a remarkable and enchanting background to the dancing

A Wedding of

The Bride Arrives Early

AMONG the many guests at St. Paul's Cathedral and the reception afterwards at Sunderland House, were Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, the Earl of Athlone and Lady May Abel Smith, Princess Helena Victoria, Princess Marie Louise, the Marquess of Carisbrooke, and King George of Greece. The bridegroom is the only son of Earl and Countess Howe. The bride, who arrived at the Cathedral somewhat early, thanks to the traffic being uncongested, is seen on the left. Sir Archibald Weigall, her father, is standing behind her

Above: Mrs. John Taylor talking to Viscount and Viscountess Elibank

Above, left: the Hon. Patricia Berry and her sister, the Countess of Birkenhead

Below, left: two guests on the way to the wedding — the Paget twins

Right, top: Miss Nan McGowan and Lady McGowan. Below, right: Marquess de Casa Maury and the Earl of Brecknock

Below: Miss Lisa Maugham, Miss Virginia Gilliat, and Mr. Paravicini

the Week

Viscount Curzon Marries Miss Priscilla Weigall at St. Paul's Cathedral

Below :

Top : Mrs. Dennis Russell and Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, like many others, go on foot

Bottom : Mr. Roger Bushell, Lady Georgina Curzon, and Miss Livia Paravicini

The Bride and Bridegroom Leave the Cathedral

Viscount Curzon and his bride, Miss Priscilla Weigall, daughter of Sir Archibald Weigall, photographed after their marriage, which was solemnised in the Chapel of the Order of St. Michael and St. George at St. Paul's Cathedral

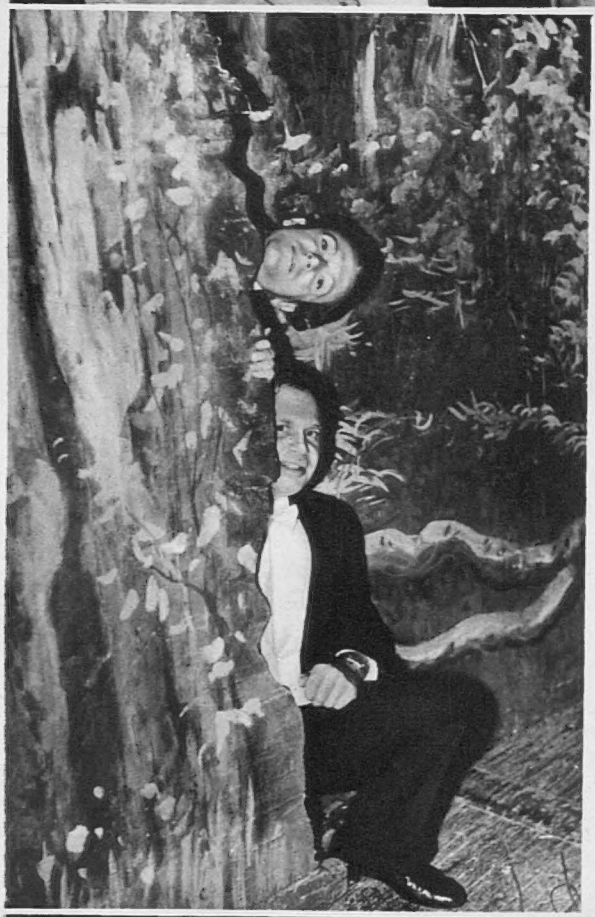
After the marriage at St. Paul's Cathedral between Viscount Curzon and Miss Priscilla Weigall a reception was held at Sunderland House, Curzon Street, W.1, where the above group was taken. The bridesmaids are Lady Georgina Curzon, Lady Iris Mountbatten, Mlle. Livia Paravicini, Mlle. Crista Paravicini, Lady Pamela Smith, Miss Anne Curzon-Howe, and Miss Rosemary Turnor. The trainbearers are Lady Rose Fane, Lady Gloria Curzon, and Miss Pamela Turnor, while the best man is Major Henry Abel Smith

Above: guests at Supper on the Stage: Miss Borwick, Mr. Buchan Hepburn, and the Hon. Mrs. Bobby Jenkinson

Viscount Hambleden at a supper table with his eldest sister, the Hon. Edith Smith

Celebrities at Covent Garden

Col. de Basil and the Ballets Russes Help Charities with a Cabaret Supper



Left: Mr. Cecil Beaton and Mr. John Sutro take a peep at the ballet from the wings

Right: Lady Dalkeith, whose husband is M.P. for Roxburgh and Selkirk, and Mr. G. O. Kellett

Mrs. Bruce Ottley, Viscountess Hambleden, Madame Gregavo and Lord Balniel

Anna Adranova, of the Ballets Russes, Mr. W. W. Astor, and Mr. Bobby Jenkinson

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

Two's Company—

"*Close Quarters*" *(Haymarket Theatre)*

THIS three-act drama by W. O. Somin, adapted by Gilbert Lennox and admirably produced by Irene Hentschel, which has reached the Haymarket Theatre via the Embassy, is so good that it is a thousand pities it isn't a bit better, as it could have been if the author had not confined the action to two characters. As a stunt this parsimony cuts no ice, because it isn't new—you remember Mary Newcomb in *Jealousy* ?—and nowadays, what with the telephone and wireless to help the dramatist, it presents no technical difficulties, either.

Is it to allow of a tour de force in acting ? If so, again I feel that an author writing for this purpose hinders rather than helps his two principals by leaving them all the work to do. Their actions and reactions can be more varied and given more opportunities for showing histrionic paces if a duet between the same pair is not always being performed.

AND this particular story cries aloud for more characters. Here is a woman who has committed a murder, and, as luck will have it, it seems obvious that suspicion will point more and more clearly in the direction of her husband. He is a professional demagogue ; he has made a speech which is almost incitement to murder ; he leaves the meeting where the speech was made and passes through the woods where the body was found within half an hour of the murder. So strong is the evidence against him that even his own party believe him to be the criminal; would there not be a fine scene here between guilty wife, innocent husband, and the principal of his party—showing only too plainly which way his suspicions lie ? But with only two characters, we are fobbed off with a necessarily one-sided telephone conversation.

Then, again, when one hears a knock at the door there ought to be a thrill for an audience in an ordinary play. In "stunt" construction there is none, because it is obvious that no one can enter when the whole cast are already on the stage, and therefore it cannot be one of those "friendly" visits from the police—who in *Close Quarters* seem singularly stupid—which sometimes lead to such unpleasant consequences.

BUT though I feel more chances have been missed than those indicated, yet *Close Quarters* is a play far above the average and well worth seeing, for, working within his own limits, the author has told his story well and has placed before us two characters in whom we can believe. Though not entirely physically suited to the part of the wife, Flora Robson, from the moment of her hurried first entrance, gets a grip on the audience which she holds to the end. She has never done anything better. Her husband is played by Oscar Homolka, whose long semi drunken scene in the first Act gave me no inkling of the variety and power he displayed later. It is, of course, absurd to judge an artist on a single performance, but if, in certain parts, this new-comer to the West End stage will not make a big name for himself, I shall confess myself surprised.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

Sketch by Rouson

Two murderers — but only through force of circumstance —with consciences working at full pressure. Flora Robson and Oscar Homolka

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

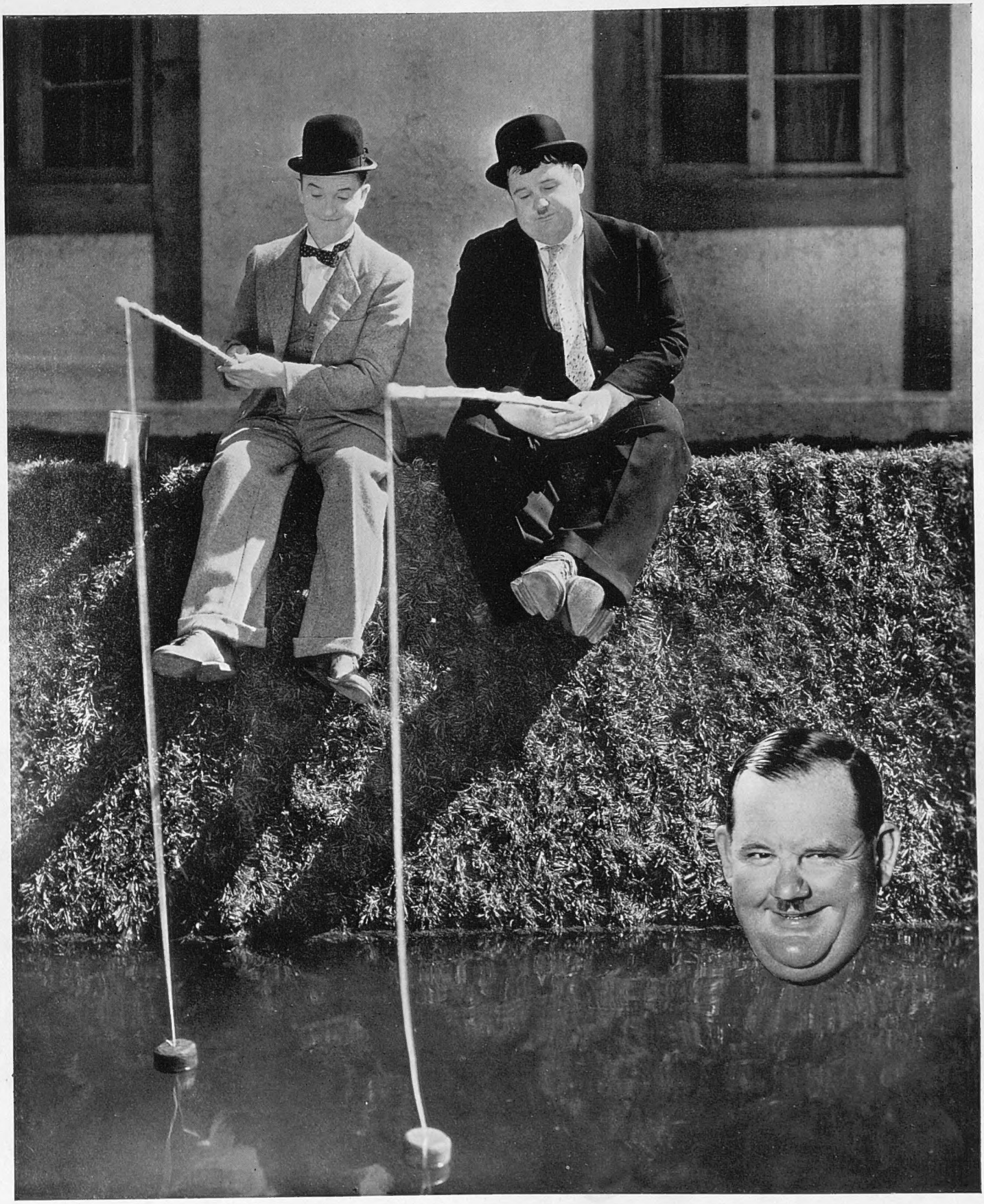
No. 113 Walter Hackett

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

You only have to look at Walter Hackett to realise that this genial giant comes of seafaring stock. You can almost smell the oilskins and sou'wester. As a matter of fact, he only made one voyage professionally—he was a cabin boy—after which he decided that he never wished to see the ocean again except from the deck of a yacht. Born in Oakland, California, he now weighs 200 pounds and has a voice that, if he raised it, could be heard from one end of a battleship to the other. After the sea he followed the horses, even became a trainer for a while, before he joined the local newspaper and turned reporter. Once again the Turf got him—and broke him—and he joined one of Hearst's new papers in Chicago. From there he migrated to New York, where he picked up easy money writing three or four short stories a week, until the panic of 1906. A job as assistant stage-manager followed, after which he joined Dockstader's Minstrels and wrote their shows for two years. That really was how he broke into the theatre racket. Then one day John Emerson told him to go off and write a play for him at Farmington, in Connecticut. It happened that a stock company was in the neighbourhood, and the girl who played Glory, the heroine of *The Christian*, was called Marion Lorne. In 1914, after a series of successes like *The White Sister* and a profitable time doctoring plays in New York, Walter Hackett came over with his wife for a fortnight. They have been here ever since—as *The Barton Mystery*, *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure*, *It Pays to Advertise*, *77 Park Lane*, *Hyde Park Corner*, and many other successes testify. There is a new one due on September 10th at the Apollo, which he now controls, with the usual mixture of thrills and comedy and Marion Lorne in the lead. Walter's theory that it pays to identify a certain playwright, and even a certain plot, with a certain theatre is not new. But it is always good.

As a writer he is lazy. He never works unless he has to do so. The mere physical effort of writing horrifies him, for he has never learnt to dictate. But when the devil drives he will do eight or ten hours at a stretch and emerges a vast pulp of a man. Despite his bulk he eats little. Why, he will try any diet. He is very superstitious, particularly about the number 13. He believes firmly in reincarnation. He is a tremendous fight fan. He always goes racing when possible, and if No. 7 is drawn 7 he will always plunge on it, whatever its chances. His apartment overlooks Green Park and St. James's Park. He only smokes cigars by day, and invariably gives the public exactly what he thinks it always wants at night.



STRIKING A NEW LINE

Like Patience on a monument sit Mr. Stanley Laurel and Mr Oliver Hardy, waiting to strike their property lines as soon as the property fish in the property tank swallow the property hooks. Laurel is an Englishman, who first went to America in the touring company of "Mumming Birds" that included Charlie Chaplin, but it was not until he teamed up with Oliver ("Kiss-Me") Hardy, whose cherubic countenance is seen inset, that he achieved world fame as a film comedian. They have been busy lately on their new comedy, "Bonnie Scotland"

AMERICANS

Who Have Improved Our Season

● Mrs. Elizabeth Wrenn Dupont ("Liz"), soon to become a permanent Londoner by marriage to Leonard Govett, is a genuine comic and a divine dresser

● Another "Liz" — Miss Elizabeth Duval, New York debutante who has been running around in the Horlick set. A pleasing brunette

● Entertained by her countrywoman, Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston — Mrs. Jane Johnson, of Washington, an example of America's up-and-doing "ever youthfuls"

(To be continued next week)

● Mrs. Graham Lewis, better known as Elizabeth Arden, who's responsible for so much of this ever youthful American buoyancy

● *Right:* Mrs. James Forrestal, society leader and intellectual (a combination more frequent in the States), went to the grandest parties in the most soignée clothes

● Dorothy Fell, fair-skinned, fair-haired, Mrs. Ogden Mills' daughter, was New York's featured deb last winter. Has duplicated her success this side

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

"Æ," George Russell, poet, painter, talker, mystic, economist, statesman, nationalist, co-leader with W. B. Yeats and Lady Gregory of the Irish literary renascence—so-called because its vague sentimental paganism is as alien to the Irish temperament and genius as Voodoo—is dead, leaving Yeats in command of that field. We never knew "Æ," but many travellers have told us how charming his Dublin salon was, how witty and varied the talk there on Sunday evenings. Dublin, like Paris, is one of the few cities where poets can dream and argue without self-consciousness, and talk about themselves frankly without looking fools.

Synge's plays, *The Playboy of the Western World* chiefly, will probably survive longest of the works of this group. The peasants of Kerry don't talk quite so beautifully as Synge makes them, but very nearly. ("If the mitred bishops seen you that time they 'd be the like of the holy prophets, I 'm thinking, do be straining the bars of Paradise to lay eyes on the Lady Helen of Troy, and she abroad, pacing back and forward, with a nosegay in her golden shawl"—love-talk of Christy Mahon to Pegeen Mike. Certainly Synge had overwhelming advantages over any English playwright who tries to make peasant plays. The Irish rustic has instinctive poetry, a vivid imagination, and intelligible speech. The English rustic, when rarely articulate, has a sly, cloddish humour which depends for its savour on dialect — and, dear Heaven! how tiresome actors speaking dialect can be. Cockney is the only poetic English dialect, and, gorblimey, how many Cockney plays are there?

Wine and Oil

We award a civic crown, or fillet, of pure fresh groundsel to the Horatian Society severally and en bloc for choosing Sir John Simon as one of the panegyrists of the poet Horace at their dinner on July 19th to celebrate the bimillenary of that sweet singer of wine and women. Who more appropriate than Sir John ("integer vitæ, scelerisque purus"), that pattern of Liberal-Puritan rectitude? If Horace and his naughty girl-friends weren't ill with helpless laughter in the Happy Fields that night, we 'll eat our toga virilis.

The Horatians ought to have made a thorough job of it by inviting Lady Astor, Mr. Lansbury, Dr. Buchman, Aimée Semple McPherson, the President of the British Women's Temperance Association—surely the ideal Horatian encomiast?—Dr. Inge, and General Evangeline Booth to say a few words of healing as well, separating the speeches by selected and expurgated Odes sung to simple hymn-tunes. That would have delighted the shade of the little stout poet beyond measure, we dare aver. The most enchanting of recent Horatian biographers, Auguste Dupouy, has gone carefully into the British attitude concerning Horace's twin hobbies. M. Dupouy concludes, with gentle irony, that probably neither Horace nor his contemporaries had "les idées d'un pasteur wesleyen" about such things.

Crowns, therefore, of groundsel for each member of the Horatians. Of groundsel, because it is the favourite food of dear little dicky-birds.

Good-bye to All That

The New York Board of Education rejected a candidate this month because she was stout; stoutness, they declared, on "the best medical authority," tending to morbidity. It was time somebody killed the superstition about the infallible benevolence and jollity of the fat. No popular error could be more gross.

The following were notoriously fat: Nero and most of the more vicious Emperors of the Decline, including Vitellius, whose enormous pot-belly was so superbly gashed with daggers; Queen Anne ("Brandy Nan"), whose unpleasant private character has been revealed in a quite recent study; the Tichborne Claimant; very many sadistic and/or haywire Sultans of Turkey and Caliphs of Baghdad; Henry VIII., who might have been one of 'em; Titus Oates; Gibbon, who hated so many things; and about a hundred more historic enemies of the good, the true, or the beautiful. Only one fat person in history has ever written urbane verse—the poet Horace (see above). We think the deliberately fat should be approached cautiously, owing to their native cunning, but at the same time with sympathy and even interest, for they serve a very practical purpose. As a French philosopher once pointed out, the Bon Dieu created fat men to show mankind how tight the human skin can be stretched without bursting.

"But if we don't reproduce our kind, we are a total loss, biologically speaking"

Mumper

Rushing, in our wild gipsy way, in a car through Ashdown Forest one hot morning recently, we passed a

" Well, it 's stopped my hiccups "

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 41.—Edith Sitwell

THE flannelled fool and muddied oaf
(That line is Kipling's, as you 'll note)
May not be keen on literature
That 's written in a style remote,
Preferring to peruse those books
That do not tax the brain too much ;
But Edith's henchmen revel in
A deft obscurity of touch.

And so the name of " Sitwell " charms
Those Bloomsbury and Chelsea folk
Who think that Tennyson 's a blight
And Swinburne a suburban joke
Fit only for those soul-less ones
Who have not got the common nous
And culture to appreciate
The lure of the Unobvious.

But though her henchmen doubtlessly
On hearty blighters jar and grate,
We know th'Edithstaff side of the
Sitwellian Triumvirate
Can, when the spirit moves her, write
Delightfully to charm all those
Who like good style sans fancy frills
When reading poetry and prose.

B. W.

lean, sunburned, bearded, hawkfaced, ragged, blackavised fellow striding jauntily through the undergrowth, with a great swaggering plume of ling and wild-flowers stuck in his old felt hat—which was stained and greasy and insolently cocked—evidently not caring a boss-eyed tinker's damn for the whole world. Jacques Callot might have drawn him at the head of a fantastic procession of mumpers, swigmen, jackmen, rufflers, fraters, paillards, and others of the ancient blackguard fraternity which, one imagined, the internal-combustion engine had driven off the roads into Limbo ages ago. Encountering him was like encountering a ghost from a richer and freer past. He was whistling merrily as we passed. What was the song ? It ought to have been the ancient fraternity-song of the Mumpers against the Constable, which a man learned in such things has often sung to us :

The Ruffin cly the nab of the Harmanbeck,
If we mawnd pannam, lap, or ruffpeck,
He cuts bing to the Ruffmans,
Or else he swears by the Lightmans
To put our stamps in the Harmans . . .
The Ruffin cly the ghost of the Harmanbeck !

More than lfkely the song he was whistling was " You 're the Top." Equally likely he wasn't a mumper at all, but one of the Bloomsbury boys getting local colour for a gipsy novel. Anyhow, he was different enough from the ruck of mass-produced humanity to be a vivid and interesting spectacle, though he was not accompanied, as he should have been, by a doxy, dell, doper, or walking-mort. Meeting a highly impressive theatrical knight in Pall Mall the same day, it gave us mild amusement to reflect that not so long ago he would have been reckoned in the same category (by Act of Parliament) with our friend of the forest ; with a hey, derry-down, and a derrydown.

Boy Hannibal

WELL, well, well, and wouldn't we just like to have been at Martigny (Haute-Savoie, or thereabouts) the other day when Mr. Richard (" Dick ") Halliburton, author and lecturer, began his crossing of the Great St. Bernard on an elephant, in emulation of that guy Hannibal ! Mr. Halliburton has already, like Leander and Byron, swum the Hellespont, and followed in the wandering footsteps of Ulysses. To a thousand

" Cheery enough, aren't we ? "

romance-starved women's afternoon clubs all over the Middle West of America Mr. Halliburton, author and lecturer, is Young Lochinvar and the Cid Campeador and Byron and Shelley and Marco Polo and Bonnie Prince Charlie and Cyrano de Bergerac and the Chevalier Bayard and Dashing Prince Rupert and Lawrence of Arabia and Little Lord Fauntleroy and Strongbow and Sir Lancelot and Mr. Greatheart and Don John of Austria and Eric Doughty, the Boy Explorer, and Captain Dauntless, V.C., and the Cadets of Gascony rolled into one. Most of the New York wits, Benchley and Co., have had their crack at Mr. Richard Halliburton, but Mr. Halliburton takes himself pretty solemnly and can darned well afford to at that.

A swell treat is undoubtedly in store for the Middle West if the Alps are crossed by Mr. Halliburton on his elephant, led (according to Reuter) by two Indian mahouts. It 's a much bigger feat than swimming the Hellespont, which—according to Rupert Brooke, who also did it and told somebody we know—isn't so frightfully difficult if the tide is with you. We forget the exact distance between Sestos and Abydos; possibly four or five miles. Even if we could do it ourselves (with waterwings, and judging our own time) we couldn't ever lecture to women's clubs on such feats. We 'd feel silly, somehow. But there, we aren't literary.

Mixture as Before

OUR favourite comic daily ran true to form, as expected, over the recent street demonstrations in Paris against M. Laval's economy Budget. Before we ever began reading we knew that before long we should find that party of English girls " in full evening dress " in the midst of the row, utterly calm and unconcerned, crossing the road between the charging Republican Guards and the roaring Parisian mob, as cool and nonchalant as if the Avenue de l'Opéra were an English country lane. Further, we knew their exploit would be recounted in that breathless black type. We weren't disappointed. On the other hand, our daily aforesaid let us down damnably over Bisley. Eighty-five per cent. of its stories nowadays begin dramatically: " A tragic white-haired woman sat "—or " stood," or " knelt," or " reclined " somewhere or other, restraining her sobs and doing something emotional and of big news-value. We were hoping there 'd be a tragic white-haired woman this year lying at Bisley, restraining her sobs and carrying off the King's Prize. However, it turned out to be " a baby-faced girl of nineteen, with bright blue eyes and a mass of fluffy golden hair," and she failed—though, oddly enough, she was a ballet-dancer. Well, it makes a change.

Don't imagine that the Press boys invent all these things. They never do, unless a really big story 's ordered, with lots of heart-appeal. Then, now and again, they think up something really good, like the little anonymous old lady who watched the first Armistice Day processions from the kerb and saw the ghosts. We knew the man who invented her. She appeared in print regularly every November 12th for about three years, and then the news-editor got sick to death of her, good as she was. The names he called that dear old imaginary lady!—well, there, really, we can't hardly bear to think of them, not even now.

" *Did ya* have *to ask me the time just then, lady?* "

Woodland Worry Department

THE Forestry Commissioners are disappointed with the results of fifteen years' afforestation work in these islands, their recent report says. They doubt even whether the progress made is up to the " relatively low " pre-war standard. We 've made inquiries about this, being interested in trees. There are two or three well-known guilds and sisterhoods in Great Britain which work for and with trees, but in our opinion their activities are of little practical use.

Miss Fretfull's League of Arboreal Aunts, for example, don't plant new trees, but simply fondle and stroke the bark of aged, sick, or lonely ones. In its way this is a gracious and benevolent gesture, and the trees appreciate it, but it cuts no ice with the Forestry Commissioners. Dr. Gumboyle's Sylvan Satyrs confine themselves to lying at the base of selected trees and inhaling the Life-Force. Mrs. Anguish leads her troop of Hamadryad Healers round the woodland, measuring and fitting naked trees for dainty flannel panties. It 's all good and noble work in its way, and the costumes are charming, but it doesn't get the afforestation problem solved. " More planting, less panting " seems the slogan.

Our Pets

ANOTHER American story, new to us: Momma, judging the time had come for four-year-old Junior to be initiated into the Facts-of-Life (as they are often called), delegated Pop to proceed upstairs to the nursery for that purpose forthwith.

Junior, reading a book of fairy-tales, looked up as Pop entered.

" Listen, Junior," said Pop rather heavily, closing the door, " right now I want to have a little talk with you. About Sex," added Pop, coughing slightly.

" Sure, Pop," said Junior, with a bright nod, closing his book. " Whadya wanna know? "

THE BYSTANDERS.

FILMS of the DAY

Dark Ladies

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

"Dark Ladies": (Above) Kay Francis; (Right) Claudette Colbert

LAST week we discussed Colour, with a capital C; this week I would like to write about colouring in relation to film stars. For some not easily explicable reason the subject has always been provocative, if not controversial. Poets and artists seem always to have had very decided and partisan views on the respective merits of dark or fair. There have been alternating fashions in colouring, ruled, apparently, as much by time or accident as by place. The Saxon type is predominatingly fair, but Shakespeare's lady of the Sonnets was dark, and in spite of the Queen's russet colouring, the Elizabethan poets were wont to eulogise eyes black as sloes and raven tresses. Perhaps they were tired of blondes. I think one does get tired of blondes. One of Wilde's self-expressive epigrammists warned his friend against women with straw-coloured hair, because they were sentimental. Certainly Dickens' fair-haired Doras and Nells were very tedious. Impossible to dissociate Anita Loos' brilliant satire with the title which became a slogan from the spate of white-hennaed beauties who subsequently gleamed on every screen and stage and plage and every ballroom.

BUT somewhere at the back of one's mind is a suspicion that fair prettiness is a little silly, a little inane and characterless. Even the platinum proselytes themselves seem to suspect it, and the more intelligent are letting their hair "grow out," and are returning to the less obvious colouring which the French call blond cendré.

That more deeply pigmented women have more character and more intelligence is suggested, though by no means proved, by the fact that the two most interesting film actresses to be seen in current films are both dark: Claudette Colbert and Kay Francis.

Both these women are assured and versatile actresses. They have beauty, not only of feature, but of form and gesture. They seem to have mastered completely the art of exploiting feminine charm and its every manifestation.

Claudette Colbert goes from strength to strength. She started her film career as a pretty, sweetly responsive soubrette. She has postured, magnificently apparelled and provocatively undressed, as a fabulous de Mille Empress, and has shown a capacity to use the Coward idiom intelligently. In *It Happened One Night* she delivered comedy and emotion with inimitable ease and charm. Her latest impersonation is a lady doctor, a psychiatrist in a mental clinic, and there is no difficulty in believing, that, in spite of her beauty, this woman is supremely clever, highly educated and ambitious, while the under-current of nervous tension is admirably suggested.

THE theme of *Private Worlds* is primarily psychological, but there is a sufficiently dramatic story attached to the mental and emotional interplay between these intellectual and highly strung doctors engaged in the study and treatment of insanity.

Charles Boyer, as the doctor who is put at the head of the establishment over the head of Joel McCrea, and whose antagonism to the lady doctor is gradually (and traditionally) transmuted, brings to the part a restraint convincingly suggestive of latent power. Helen Vinson, another interestingly progressive actress, is excellent as his unbalanced sister, the murderess of her husband, who almost succeeds in seducing Joel McCrea from his young wife, who is going to have a baby. My original argument about dark and fair is supported by Joan Bennet's presence as the sweetly pretty but utterly silly wife. It is not her fault, as the part *is* silly, but the casting may be significant. This is a serious film, seriously handled, but with sufficient drama to deceive the anti-intellectual into accepting it.

THERE is more madness in *Living On Velvet*, Kay Francis' latest vehicle. The story is rather futile, but the star manages to imbue it with interest; George Brent is the slightly "mental" subject. He does well, since his innate personality is suggestive of stolidity rather than unbalance. Warren William is the good, strong, rich business man, with the embarrassing soubriquet "Gibraltar," who befriends him, and, in spite of his love for the heroine, permits their marriage. The young man, whose unsatisfactoriness is the result of an air crash, is evidently not under the protection of St. Christopher, but his second and final accident is more satisfactory, at least for the other protagonists. I do not approve of the casting, but the fact remains that Kay Francis is incapable of acting badly, and to watch her and listen to her is to forget the fatuity of the story.

A Wedding at Westminster

Captain Anthony Head and Lady Dorothea Ashley-Cooper at St. Margaret's

On the right: Mr. Richard and Lady Lettice Cotterell with Lady Mary Lygon on their way to the reception, which was held at 3, Cleveland Square, St. James's, kindly lent by the Hon. Mrs. Rochfort Maguire

The Bride and Bridegroom Leaving the Church

Waving Farewell

Lord and Lady Shaftesbury, the parents of the bride, saying good-bye to the bridal couple from the steps of 3, Cleveland Square, where the reception was held

An Eighteenth-Century Touch

The three small pages, in the uniform of the Life Guards, who valiantly performed their part in the ceremony are Douglas Scott, Ian Baillie, and Edward Greenall, while the two small bridesmaids are the Hon. Mary Anne Sturt and Virginia Johnstone

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Mrs. Humphrey Butler

Mrs. Humphrey Butler was sketched dining at Quaglino's. She was wearing a blue and white printed dress

"SOMETHING in the City" has twice, this week, made us turn right instead of left on leaving our underdone beef at luncheon at our favourite grill-room in the Strand. And for a wedding each time, two popular Society girls having joined the ranks of young matrons, Miss Priscilla Weigall at St. Paul's Cathedral on Tuesday, and Miss Celia Palmer, 'way down Bishopsgate, at that old-fashioned church, St. Ethelburga's, on Thursday.

The Crowded City

NEVER have we seen such a crowd at a wedding as at St. Paul's Cathedral last Tuesday, when Miss Priscilla Weigall married Lord Curzon. City traffic and the vast army of "wedding fans" made getting away from the Cathedral a tedious business, and guests were standing about on the steps waiting for their motor-cars for very nearly an hour. The delay, however, enabled us to see Lady Elibank and Lady Annesley (Christian namesake of the bride), in very Ascot-ish creations; Miss Nan McGowan, lovely in all white; Miss Virginia Cherrill, lovely in dark glasses; and Miss Irene Mann Thompson, ditto in an enormous hat.

The little Paget twins, more alike than two peas, told us they are holidaying in Austria with their aunt, while "Uncle Jack Paget" and all is going to Scotland and thence to the Black Forest. A new line in ushers at this wedding included Lord Waleran and Messrs. Chris Mackintosh and Patrick Egan.

Lady Dorothea Ashley-Cooper married Captain Anthony Head the same day at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She wore a particularly lovely dress, made of ivory velvet, and an heirloom train of Brussels lace. Two small girls, Mary Anne Sturt and Virginia Johnstone, nieces of the bride and bridegroom respectively, wore long, quaint white frocks, and bonnets copied from a picture of an ancestress of Lady Dorothea's which is actually at Blenheim.

A Hind Party

GREAT goings-on at Quaglino's last Tuesday night, when twelve girl friends of Miss Celia Palmer all dined together in a private room, to be joined around midnight by her bridegroom-to-be and eleven chaps from White's. The party later migrated to The Jubilee, and had forty-eight hours to recover before the wedding, which took place at St. Ethelburga's on Thursday.

Girls will be girls, and we hear that there was one awful moment when they decided to write down the name of their favourite feminine enemy and read the anonymous list out afterwards. It was Lady Warwick who discovered in the nick of time that the name of one guest appeared on three pieces of paper.

It was a charming idea of Miss Palmer's to give everyone a tiny platinum label engraved on one side with the names of the bride and bridegroom, and their nicknames on the other. "The General," "The Countess," "Mrs. Brown" hid some well-known identities.

At The Jubilee later on, everyone was congratulating Mr. Michael Lafone and the charming Miss Vivienne Scott on their engagement.

Manners

Two of London's most persistently entertained young men were discussing manners and things the other night. The question of writing a letter of thanks after a party cropped up. "I always do," said one. "And I also always answer an invitation immediately. Seldom being able to be in the position of a host, I think it is the least I can do."

Mrs. Douglas Christopherson

Wife of the mining magnate, sketched at a luncheon-party at the Ritz wearing a navy and white printed frock, and a navy and white hat. The Christophersons are famous as a cricket family who have helped the county of Kent many a time and oft

Bobby Throckmorton

Sketched in the white jodhpur and navy blue tunic of the Maharaja of Jaipur which he wore at Mrs. Woolley-Hart's Chinese party. He had removed his ornate head-dress before our artist arrived

Lady Portarlington

An impression of Lady Portarlington, wearing a navy red-and-white-striped jersey, made on her yacht while in the Solent watching the Naval Review

Lady Bridget Poulett

Who looked charmingly Chinese at Mrs. Woolley-Hart's party at Prince's Gate. The diadem of flowers added greatly to the Eastern effect.

The other, who has charming manners and is as courteous and well-behaved as even his old governess could wish, said he never even thought of it; so there you are.

We were reminded of a beloved old friend, who died, alas! some years ago—Harry Melville. He once said that as he had never been able to be a host, he had trained himself to be as nearly a perfect guest as possible, and he succeeded. If there was an awkward silence at a dinner-party, he could be relied upon to rush in with some story, often one against himself, to make people laugh and relieve the tension. He would struggle away with a deadly bore, because he felt he owed it to his hostess.

While on the subject of manners, the question of introducing people cropped up, and a fierce argument ensued. You know the type of man or woman who, because you were lunching with them yesterday, expects you to dash up and make conversation about nothing at all to-day.

You may be with a crowd of people who don't know them, and therefore a lot of tedious and futile introductions are necessary. They may be with people whom you don't know, and, just in order to appear amiable, you have to be introduced all round.

A Russian joined in the fracas, and told us that since he has lived in England and got accustomed to our cold and unfriendly ways, he agrees with us, and thinks a smile or nod is far better than a lot of hand-kissing and introductions that mean only the murmur of a name and a slight embarrassment as to "do you remember?" the next time you meet. If you know, and like, as many people as most of us do in this town, it is absurd to base friendship on a slap on the back, and feel slighted if the woman you thought divine at dinner last night merely waves her hand to you at the Ritz.

You can be just as friendly at the other end of the room as at the next table. A monstrous breach of good manners is to dig someone in the ribs and trust to luck that either the orchestra or the cocktails are going to make them forget how badly you have behaved, and how completely justified they are in disliking you. A "tail-between-the-legs" attitude is far more likely to soften their heart.

Light Fingers

Is it a kleptomaniac or a peculiarly sinister kind of sneak-thief who is making a speciality of stealing those lovely big gold-and-platinum boxes that certain lucky friends of ours use to house their money, make-up, and cigarettes? You would scarcely expect to have one pinched in your own drawing-room at a committee meeting for a charity ball, would you? Nor at your own brother's private dance!

An "honest-to-God" burglar who scales your drain-pipe and risks being shot at by a total stranger, seems a hero compared with the contemptible beast who uses charity as a cloak for his, or her, crime, or actually steals while accepting his host's trusting hospitality. The possibility that suspicion might fall on an unfortunate waiter makes it even more despicable.

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

A Russian Church Wedding

The Hon. Elizabeth Scott-Ellis and Count Serge Orloff-Davidoff after their wedding, which took place at the Russian Church of St. Philip, Buckingham Palace Road

Temperature and Colour

English women are going all Parisienne, and wearing black, and all sorts of dark colours in the hottest weather. The Hon. Mrs. Wilfred Egerton is one of Mayfair's best-dressers, who dons pale, cool-looking clothes with conviction. She was lunching at the Aperitif the other day in a short-sleeved, pale yellow dress, and a brown straw hat with an upturned brim.

Theatre First—Film Also Ran

When people leave a theatre still clutching their programmes; when, at the fall of the curtain, the feminine part of the audience joins the feminine members of the cast in real tears, and men mutter words like "incredible," and "marvellous," you may take it from us that, in these hard-boiled times, you have seen a very, very good play.

Go to the Duchess Theatre any night, and see *Night Must Fall*, which Emlyn Williams wrote and plays the lead in. We have never seen an audience more thrilled at a thriller, more amused at a

A City Wedding

Miss Celia Palmer, daughter of the late Sir Arthur Power Palmer, photographed after her marriage to Mr. Rupert Byass at the Church of St. Ethelburga the Virgin, Bishopsgate

A Chelsea Wedding

Miss Dorothy Chamberlain, daughter of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mrs. Chamberlain, leaving Chelsea Old Church after her marriage to Mr. Stephen Lloyd, of Edgbaston, Birmingham

Christened in the Crypt

Above: the Hon. Charles Rhys and Mrs. Rhys leaving the Crypt Chapel of the House of Commons after their infant son had been christened Richard Charles Bryan

Right: Miss Myra Drummond, daughter of Col. Maurice Drummond, Deputy Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, leaving St. Peter's, Eaton Square, after her marriage to Mr. Martin Soames

At St. Peter's, Eaton Square

An Earl's Grandson Christened

The family group shows Brigadier the Hon. H. R. Alexander, brother of the Earl of Caledon, and Lady Margaret Alexander, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lucan, with their elder child and infant, after the latter's christening at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks

farce, or more touched by pathos than they are at this really remarkable play.

On the Sea—Not the Air

DWIGHT FISKE sailed for New York in the Normandie last week, and left his sophisticated admirers with a "fanless" feeling. He went round the town on his last night, visiting Rosa Lewis, in that lovely old-world pub of hers, the Shim Sham, and the other Harlem Dive we find it so hard to keep away from. Yes, it begins with an "F," but the Editor says we mention it too often. Dwight promises to return in June next year, and has gone back now to fulfil a thirteen-weeks' radio contract.

Ballets Russes Revels

A GALA performance at Covent Garden has, in itself, a certain amount of glamour, but when Royalty appear in several boxes and there is the added attraction of a supper-party on the stage afterwards, it seems even "more for the money."

Last Wednesday night, one new and two old favourite ballets were included in the programme—*The Hundred Kisses*, *The Three-Cornered Hat*, and *The Toy Shop*.

The Duke and Duchess of York sat in a box on one side, accompanied by Mr. Duff and Lady Diana Cooper and Lady Zia Wernher. The Prince of Wales was opposite, with Lady Cunard, the Duchess of Westminster, the Hon. Mrs. Robert Jenkinson, and the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald. Afterwards, the supper-party on the stage made it terribly difficult for us to keep our later engagements.

The menus were amusing. No vodka, alas (we sprinkle pepper in ours!), and long Russian names for quite ordinary English food. The Ballerinas, Russian, English and Japanese, were scattered cleverly among the English guests, who included Lady Dalkeith, quite the prettiest woman present, in off-white tulle, Mrs. Oswald Birley in a tiara and a fur cape, and those attractive sisters, Mrs. d'Erlanger and Mrs. Edward Compton, who were with Mr. Robert Byron.

In the Pink

A NEW kind of tiara that caught our eye, and lead to the joke of the evening, was one made of coral, that reminded us so forcibly of lobster claws that a gallant colonel remarked, "How cheap to get your jewellery at Prunier's!"

We also heard that the only member of the Ballet who can't speak English is Mr. John Bell, who is Canadian, and that when, while the Company were being entertained in the country, the host asked a lady with a Russian-sounding name what part of Russia she came from, she replied with an English accent, "Oh, I was born at Beaconsfield!"

Inseparables

MISS DAPHNE KINGSMILL, who is one of the nicest girls we've ever met, or heard of, is back from a brief motoring holiday in Germany. She is an inseparable friend of Lady Seafield, whom she accompanied on the trip, and who is staying abroad, we hear, until the end of the month, when she goes up North for the shooting.

Two Parties

IN addition to an attractively lit-up garden at Lady Jean Rankin's party last week, one got a nice "Firth of Forth" atmosphere.

Everyone seemed to have one of those impressive Scottish names that end with "of Somewhere." (Look up any Scottish Railway Guide and you will see exactly the places we mean.) One automatically thought of grouse, smelt heather, and visualised the "braw" gentlemen present, wearing their kilts.

Then the Maharaja of Jaipur also gave a party, a pleasing mixture of blondes and brunettes, at the Savoy, and there was a rush to meet Miss Whitney Bourne, the "lovely" who played in *Crime Without Passion*.

MISS PEEPS

Photographs by Anthony

Tamara Grigorieva

Première Danseuse of the Ballets Russes

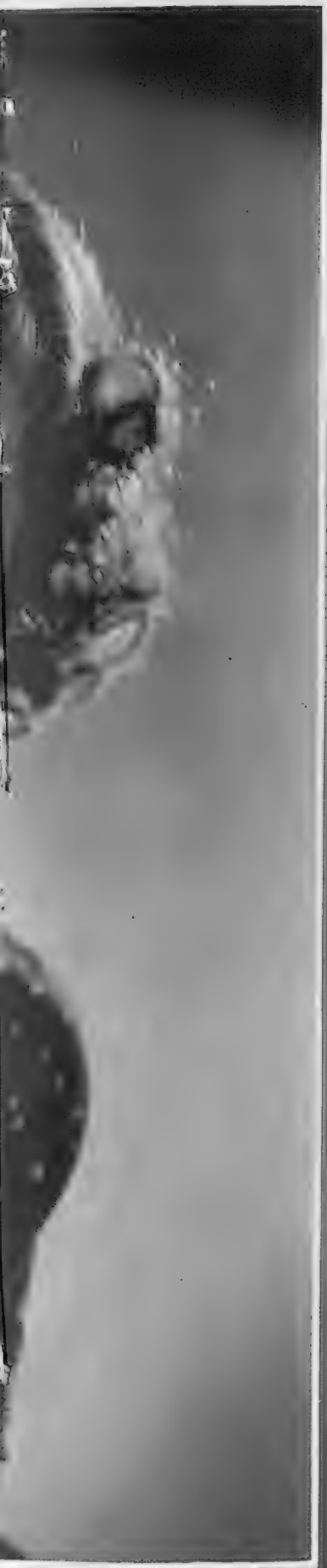
Grigorieva, whose dancing has been one of the high-lights of Colonel de Basil's season of Russian Ballet at Covent Garden, is one of the younger members of a family famous in ballet—the Grigorieffs, and Serge Grigorieff holds the onerous post of regisseur-général of the de Basil Ballet, an office which he formerly occupied under Diaghileff. She has charmed ballet-lovers with the grace and dignity of her performances, most notable among them being her dancing as Chiarina in "Carnaval," and as the Swan Princess in "Contes Russes." On the left she is seen in the finale of the dance of the lament of the Swan Princess, from the ballet of that name

Tutta Rolf

A slim, oval-faced blonde from Scandinavia is Tutta Rolf, who is playing opposite Clive Brook in her first starring picture, "Dressed to Kill." She was born in Oslo, started her career in the Casino Theatre in her home town, and was in those days called Solveig Bertzen. Then she married Ernst Rolf, who's known as the Cochran of Scandinavia, went to America with him, and appeared in "Paramount on Parade." Now she has a contract with Fox, so her residence is for the present fixed in Hollywood

Ginger Rogers

A new picture of the amusing little star with the ginger hair, the long, slim le feet on any Hollywood female. Her dancing with Fred Astaire in "Roberta" wa her sense of humour. Her new picture is "Star of Midnight," which provides most it she co-stars with William Powell for the first time; he's a "debonnair attor young Socialite, and wears a lot of lovely clothes. The story is a mixture of thr



s, and the fastest
grand, and so is
palatable fare. In
ey," and she's a
iller and sentiment

Hollywood is Full of Beautiful Girls

Here Are Three of Them: One Is a Star and Two Are On Their Way

Irene Hervey is another attractive newcomer to the ranks of featured lovelies in Hollywood. She was born in Santa Monica, went from school to the M.-G.-M. dramatic training group, and first emerged from the crowd of struggling, ambitious beginners with a success in "Strangers' Return." She was in "The Winning Ticket," too, and now she has a long term contract with M.-G.-M., and her feet well set on the steep ladder to stardom

Below: Irene Hervey

The Viscountess Halifax and the Hon. Anne Wood

The Wife and Only Daughter of the Secretary of State for War

The Viscountess Halifax

The Hon. Anne Wood

Photographs by Bassano

BEFORE her marriage in 1909, Lady Halifax was Lady Dorothy Evelyn Augusta Onslow, and is the younger daughter of the fourth Earl of Onslow. Her daughter, Anne, who is twenty-five, has three brothers living, the eldest of whom, the Hon. Charles Wood, took his B.A. at Oxford last year. Lord Halifax, who became Secretary of State for War when the Cabinet was recently re-arranged, was Viceroy of India from 1926 to 1931, when he was Lord Irwin. Lord and Lady Halifax spend much of their time at their Yorkshire residence, Hickleton Hall, Doncaster, and Garrowby, at York

Youthful Talent

Treading the Boards

Photographs by Anthony, Mannell and Houston Rogers

Right: Phyllis Stanley, who played a leading part at the Arts Theatre in "The Mysterious Universe," by Aubrey Menon, based on the famous book by Sir James Jeans. This production may be summed up by paraphrasing a line in an old song: "What it was that Menon meant no one ever knew," but though the play may have been cryptic, it was easy to see that, given a chance, as she had as the nun in "The Miracle," Phyllis Stanley is an actress of talent

Phyllis Stanley

Ninette de Valois

Is the well-known ballerina and ballet mistress who founded the Vic-Wells Ballet. She is the daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Stannus, D.S.O., Légion d'Honneur, of Co. Wicklow, Ireland, who died of wounds in France, and Mrs. Graydon Bradley, of Old Hatfield House, Putney, whose collection of china, glass, and furniture is well known. Miss de Valois was married at Windsor recently to Dr. Arthur Blackall Connell, of Sunningdale, but this will not stop her activity in the ballet world, and she starts on the second half of her Vic-Wells Ballet tour early in August

Jessica Tandy

Young but experienced, she has played in New York as well as London. Her performances in "Autumn Crocus" and "Children in Uniform" will be remembered. At the moment—a moment which may be considerably prolonged—she is appearing as Ada in "Noah," at the New Theatre

Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget's British Empire Union Garden Party at Ibstock Place, Roehampton

Above : Miss Peggy Johnson, Miss Molly Bishop, and Miss Tuni Karri-Davies find the British Empire Union Garden Party much to their taste

Right : Mrs. Anthony Belville, sister of Lieut. Home Kidston and the late Commander Glen Kidston, at home with her two children, Jeremy, aged three, and Belinda, aged five. They live on the banks of the Wye at Aberedw, near Builth Wells, Radnorshire

Below : Lady Charles Cavendish, Mrs. Gardner Hales (of New York), and Miss Fredia Keane, Sir John Keane's niece, at the Powerstown Park Races, Clonmel, Co. Tipperary, Ireland

Below, right : "Eclipse" Day at Sandown. The Duke of Norfolk hopes that Lady Anne Hunloke may find something attractive on the card

A Famous Salmon Fisherwoman

Above : heads or tails ? Nigel Sharpe, the well-known of Skirts, tosses for choice of innings or sides, but with Miss Betty Maudsley, captain of Shorts, in which was one of the features of the British Empire

Above, centre : Miss Yvonne Denson, Miss Ann Paget, and Miss Yvonne Hartmann showing differences of opinion as to attire at the British Empire Union Garden-Party

A Wedding Reception

The Duke and Duchess of Leinster leaving the reception after the civil ceremony in connection with the wedding of the Hon. Elizabeth Scott-Ellis and Count Orloff-Davidoff

Activities There and But Always

lawn tennis player, captain not, we think, drinks, the comic cricket match Union Garden Party

Racing in Scotland

Oxford Drama Festival Week

Above: Thea Holme as Lady Precious Stream and David King-Wood as the Gardener in a scene from the play which still draws large audiences to the Little Theatre. There was a huge crowd of spectators in the Worcester College Gardens, where this play opened the Oxford Drama's Festival Week

Above: Sir Philip Dundas with his fiancée, Miss Jean Hood, and Miss Reddingills at the Edinburgh summer meeting held at Musselburgh

Below: year by year the links on the south-west of Scotland become more and more popular, and none more so than Turnberry, in Ayrshire, where the Marchioness of Titchfield, Mr. Arthur Penn, and the Marquess of Hartington are seen playing a round

After a Civil Ceremony

Lady Cynthia Slessor and Lady Joan Colville, two more guests, at the wedding reception of the Hon. Elizabeth Scott-Ellis, second daughter of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden

Royalty in Guernsey

Above: the Prince of Wales presenting the King's Cup at the Island Cattle Show in Guernsey to La Dame de Sark (Mrs. Hathaway), the Hereditary Ruler of the Island, owner of the best milking cow

Here, Everywhere

Out of Doors

Above: Miss Mignonne Nash, in a black dress of sari material faintly lined with gold, was at the Florida, partnered by Lord Petre, 17th Baron, who is "Jo" to the jeunesse dorée

Above: dining at San Marco. Captain Hilton Philipson and Mrs. Essex Drury—a brunette whose beauty is very much on the map this season. She is the elder sister of Valerie, Lady Brougham and Vaux, and a granddaughter of the late Earl of Ypres. Captain Philipson was in the Scots Guards

Social Duets

Before or After Midnight, London's Not a Bad Place for a Rendezvous

Above: Miss Amicie de Burgh Whyte, one of the featured debutantes in 1932, wore a patterned dress with short sleeves for an evening—or, rather, early morning—at the Florida. With her is Mr. Ronald Walker

Below: Mr. Toby Musker, son of Major Herbert Musker, who owns a very fine shoot in Norfolk, seen at the Florida with Miss Rosemary Maitland-Makgill-Crichton

Below, right: Mr. Teddy Wagg, without whom no cocktail-party seems complete these days, is talking to pretty Miss Marie Scott, from New York City, at the Dudley Tooths' party given in his gallery in Bond Street

Above: Guy Tooth, brother of host Dudley, at the Bond Street Gallery cocktail-party. He is wearing his Old Yellowhammers tie and discussing life with Miss Betty Arkwright, who, incidentally, knows a lot about modern painting

Lawn Tennis Letter

Ten Minutes' Alibi

By "Passer-By"

DEAR BYSTANDER,

SPECTATORS present at the championships and at the Davis Cup matches that followed cannot fail to have noticed one important difference in procedure. At the individual championship play was continuous over five sets; in the international championship there was an interval of ten minutes after the third set. Both events are decided under the official rules of lawn tennis, approved and amended by the International Federation. But any nation, by dispensation, is at liberty to modify the provision and to omit from its regulations governing tournaments the ten-minute interlude. Wimbledon is a tournament; the Davis Cup is not: and therefore the British Lawn Tennis Association are fully within their rights in prescribing non-stop play for the principal tournament of the year.

WE are a conservative people, loath to change customs that have stood the test of time; and there is much to be said for preserving an edict that illustrates the hardihood of our race and the stamina of our lawn tennis players. But there are also weighty reasons why this question should be reconsidered in the light of modern tendencies and the universal practice in other countries. The game is admittedly more strenuous today than it was when the rule was first fashioned. For one thing, crowds are much larger, and therefore the mental strain of competing in front of them is greater. For another, tactical technique has changed—whether to the improvement of the game's science is not the question. The ball is struck on its rise where formerly it was allowed to fall; the position of the ground-stroke striker is nearer the net; he strides forward synthetically to anticipate the reply. The Dohertys may have been more graceful exponents; they may have possessed the strokes, strategy and temperament for mastering most of the present giants. But they did not play so intensively, nor with such rapid movement—nor so often, let it be added—as their gladiatorial successors. The Borotras, the Perrys and the Vines have all set a faster pace—have all made the game more of a test for the sprinter than for the miler.

THE ten-minute interval in America was introduced as a concession to the climate. There is more humidity on the other side; a player's clothes begin to stick to him at a much earlier period. It would have been the refinement of cruelty to ask drooping competitors, having fought like tigers for three sets, to continue in a fourth without a respite and a change into new raiment. The same reflection applies to Australia and to other hot countries. In Central Europe I have sometimes found the heat as disintegrating as that in New York or Melbourne, while Paris in mid-summer can invite a first-class lassitude. Hence the spread of the cult for a mid-match pause.

I THINK the time has now arrived when Great Britain, without surrendering its pride or forfeiting any ideal, might in this respect come into line with the rest of the world. The majority of players in this country desire the reform; it is certain that the multitude of overseas competitors whom they welcome at Wimbledon are requesting it. The latter may be too polite, or too conscious of our prerogative, to sign a formal petition; it might be prudent for the authorities, sensing the feeling, to anticipate the demand.

The intermission, applied to all championship singles matches which go beyond three sets, would, of course, involve, in the mass, a longer total of time for the completion of the programme, and this factor might involve, as a result, an earlier start. But I do not think the competitors would complain about that. So far as the overseas competitors are concerned, they would, indeed, welcome a noon start, since many of them find the morning hours hanging rather heavily on their hands and dinner in the neighbourhood of half past nine a somewhat inconvenient meal. But even if the old order was maintained, and the championships did not begin until after lunch, it should not be impossible to arrange for the ten minutes' grace. I am convinced that the standard of play would thereby be exalted and we should not see, as we sometimes do now, those painful final sets ending in the physical collapse of one or of both of the antagonists. A weariness of the flesh weakens the spirit; it is responsible for much of the grimness and the lack of sparkle characterising present-day play. It leads to staleness and ennui; it is probably making for less amateurism in that it makes the game more of a toil and less of a pleasure.

IN important women's matches abroad the ten minutes' interval is introduced after each competitor has won a set. This, too, is a prudent as well as a rational rule, but there is not the same demand for uniformity here as there is in the case of the men. Women neither serve as strenuously, nor do they make systematic excursions to the net. The majority are well able to maintain their skill and endurance over three sets. The memorable match at Wimbledon between the two Helens of California was a case in point. But even where women are concerned in championship matches at Wimbledon, I think, following the custom abroad, the interval might be optional. If both players agree to stop for ten minutes it should be allowed. In any event, having regard to the effect of too much play on health and happiness, the question is one for careful review. We do not want to give our popular games an aspect of penal servitude. They must, first and foremost, be recreations. They ought not to carry conditions that may not ensure high standards both as regards play and deportment.

PASSER-BY.

Our New Davis Cup Pair

C. R. D. Tuckey (left) and G. P. Hughes, who have teamed up this year with happy results. Tuckey, who has held the Army Championships for the last four years, could not enter owing to Davis Cup practice

John Van Ryn and Wilmer Allison, America's doubles pair, in action. They won the Men's Doubles at the Wimbledon Championships in 1929 and 1930, and were just beaten by Crawford and Quist in the fifth set in this year's final

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

The Great Diaghileff

By A. G. Macdonell

SOME years ago the house of Harrap published an imperially magnificent book on the Russian theatre, full of superb examples of the scenic work of Benois, Bakst, and the rest of them. The indispensable complement to that noble production comes at last from Messrs. Gollancz in *Diaghileff*, by Mr. Arnold Haskell (12*s*. 6*d*.). For that great Master is the keystone of the arch of the Russian Ballet. It was he who inspired Nijinsky and discovered Lifar; it was he who took the torch from Benois and kept it alight through the war and the Revolution; it was he who linked Fokine and Dolin and Isadora Duncan and Karsavina and Massine and Stravinsky—Heavens! what a fellowship of genius! —and a dozen others whose fame goes spinning round and round the world.

John de Meyer

Whose remarkable book, "'God's Children," is published by Gollancz

Prophecy is a dangerous and a thankless occupation, but I am prepared to wager a modest sum that Mr. Haskell's book will be the standard biography of this brilliant man. For it is not only carefully documented, profusely illustrated, and obviously the fruit of years of exhaustive research, but it creates a picture of the overwhelming personality that must have been Diaghileff's. Mr. Haskell rightly describes how immensely more important was the part of Diaghileff than the part of Nijinsky in the spread of the Ballet over the world. Nijinsky was a great dancer. But I have always felt that the peculiarly fortunate assonance of his name helped his publicity-agent a good deal in "putting him across." Diaghileff was the real creator of it all. I wonder if ever a great genius of a decorative art had such a scene for his funeral. "In the morning after the storm, he was taken over the water to his last resting-place on the island of San Michele, amidst the bending cypress-trees. The storm had made a carpet of green leaves from the hotel to the gondola; worthy setting of his last great spectacle."

ONE of the most brilliantly amusing titles for a book that I have ever come across is produced this week by Messrs. Barker. Mr. Horace McCoy is the author of a novel called *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* (6*s*.), and an extraordinary story it is. A young man and young woman are down and out on the Californian coast. They are properly up against it, and they decide that their only chance of making a few dollars is to enter for a dancing "Marathon." The whole action of the book takes place from the time the "Marathon" starts to the moment, a month or so later, when the unhappy girl hands a pistol to the man and asks him to put her out of her misery. His mind flashes back to far-off happy days in Arkansas when his grandfather shot his favourite mare. It had broken a leg and it was best "to put her out of her misery." He takes the pistol and shoots the girl. But the Judge does not understand the explanation. This book is a very fine example of a certain type of novel which America is producing at the moment, hard, swift, savagely ironical, ferociously contemptuous of modern civilisation, unsparing in cold and biting anger. But although it is "of a type," nevertheless Mr. McCoy has an individuality of his own.

ANOTHER example of this fast American style—and, by the way, isn't it about time that British reviewers stopped using the word "slick" about Transatlantic fiction?—is *God's Children* (Gollancz; 7*s*. 6*d*.), by Mr. John de Meyer. (And, in passing, I must put on record that I strongly approve of the blurb on the jacket. "A good novel," is all that it says. What a relief after the sickening blobs of unctuous praise that so many publishers exude. The next step must be a jacket which says "A fair-to-middling novel" or "A moderate piece of work.")

Arnold Haskell

The author of "Diaghileff" paints a graphic picture of the great Russian impresario

But there is a difference between *God's Children* and most of the American tough guys. It has a very genuine streak of emotion among all the toughness. There is a spark of the universal humanities in it which lifts it out of the rut. The guys are tough all right, but they leave the final, and very curious, impression that if their guns are in their right places, so are their hearts.

AN extraordinarily interesting, and also terrible, novel is *Jew Boy* (Jonathan Cape; 7*s*. 6*d*.), by Mr. Simon Blumenfeld. It is a description of life in Whitechapel as it is lived by young Jews who are passionately anxious to make their way in the world and who are sweated and mercilessly exploited by old Jews who have succeeded in making their way in the world. The young men long to rise to the traditional Jewish capitalism; drudgery, injustice, cruelty (almost always from their own compatriots) force them down into the non-traditional Jewish Communism. The little side-streets of the East End of London are probably the most dangerous forcing-grounds of Bolshevism in Europe. They are filled with intellectually-precocious youths who are the possessors of an ancient past and see no sort of future whatever. They are chock-a-block with talent and can see no opening for it. And they are gradually being forced into the only conclusion that is apparent to them—that Soviet Russia is a sort of Paradise. Whether they are right or wrong, there is no doubt whatever that *Jew Boy* is a brilliant and powerful exposition of their point of view, and of the environs that have made them what they are.

I FOUND Mr. Graham Greene's new book, *England Made Me* (Heinemann; 7*s*. 6*d*.), rather difficult to read. And this was sad, because Mr. Greene's capacity to create characters that you can believe in, take an interest in, and want to follow to the end is in full working order here. The young waster, his loyal sister, and the Swedish magnate are all alive-o, as the street criers have it. So is the horrible remittance-man, with his perpetual talk about Harrow, and the poetically-minded British Minister; they are all vivid characters. But the writing is so jumpy. The action leaps backwards and forwards through time with all the nimbleness of an Einsteinian brain-cell, and "streams of consciousness" flow hither and thither in a most disconcerting way. I know I am old-fashioned and out of date, but I do like to understand what I am reading, just as I believe that the first duty of a play is to keep the audience from walking out of the theatre. And that is why *England Made Me* annoyed me. I wanted to take an interest in those characters, but a certain Mr. Greene would not let me. So, I gave it up sadly.

Polo People at Ranelagh

Who Saw the Panthers Beat the Optimists in the Final of the King's Coronation Cup

Lord Barnby, who is a keen polo-player, discusses the prospects of the match with Mlle. Lejeune and Miss Harrison-Bradley

Hats and the Woman

Mrs. "Laddie" Sanford (left) and the Countess of Jersey provide ample evidence that variety is the spice of sartorial life. In the background are Mr. "Laddie" Sanford, who helped the Panthers to beat the Optimists by 9 goals to 5, the Hon. William Astor, and Sir Robert Throckmorton

Above: Lady Fiona Fuller, the younger daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Camden, provides the Nelson touch, having unfortunately injured her eye. With her is Major Jack Harrison, well protected from the rigours of an English summer

Left: Lady Wernher brought her elder daughter, Georgina, with her to watch the polo

Right: further contrasts in feminine headgear were provided by Miss Sonia Converse (left), Miss Toto Koopman and Miss Connie Dawes

Weddings on the Way

A Camera Quartette of Brides-to-Be

Miss Lois Kerr Clark

Whose engagement to Sir William Anthony Lewthwaite, of Broadgate, Cumberland, has been announced. She is the only child of the late Capt. Robertson Kerr Clark and Lady Beatrice Kerr Clark

The Hon. Mary Monck

The younger daughter of the late Capt. the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Monck, and sister of Viscount Monck. She is to marry Mr. C. H. V. Pritchard, the Royal Welch Fusiliers, who is the only son of the late Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Pritchard

Miss Katherine Bibby

Who is to marry Capt. G. E. Prior-Palmer, 9th Lancers. The younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bibby, she was presented at one of last year's Courts

Miss Joan Grenfell

The second daughter of the late Brigadier H. M. Grenfell, and the late Lady Muriel Grenfell, she is to marry Mr. Douglas James Bailey, the eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel F. G. G. Bailey and Lady Janet Bailey. She is a cousin of Lord Grenfell

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

The Minaudière is surely one of the loveliest creations ever achieved by Van Cleef and Arpels, Paris. It is a vanity case of the most luxurious kind, and contains everything that a woman can possibly want. Made in gold, lacquer and gold or styptor, it is fitted with a powder-box, cigarette-case, and lighter, a case for rouge compact and eye shadow, also lipstick, etc., quite apart from a space for change, keys and handkerchief. The lid is lined with a mirror and ornamented with precious stones. Sometimes there is a watch concealed either beneath the jewels or at the side, like the one pictured. In London it may only be seen at Asprey's, Bond Street, and is accompanied by a protective case in black antelope. Many people, however, prefer to have the latter covered with the same material as their frock is made of

Studies in Contrast

It may seem early days to think about autumn; nevertheless, the new millinery is already to be seen in many of the London salons. The model on the left is designed by Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, and is extremely becoming. It is carried out in a featherweight black felt, and is perfectly plain save for a bunch of orange and yellow organdie flowers on the wide brim

There is something about velvet which never fails to appeal, and there is no doubt that it will play a prominent rôle this autumn. For one thing, it forms a perfect background for furs. Black velvet ribbon cleverly twisted and interwoven makes the cap on the left, which also comes from Dickins and Jones. The floating veil lends an added charm, and the price is 49s.6d.

The béret is another winner and has many variations. There is the Renaissance, with an accentuated forward movement, and the Highland type, like the one on the right. This may be seen at Dickins and Jones, and is made in navy petersham with a white monogram at the side. By the way, there is a revival of the "baby bonnet" with a diminutive crown and small, turned-up brim

Philip Harvey

IMAGINE A CLOTH as soft as cashmere, as warm as fur, as light as thistledown — and yet made from sturdy, hard-wearing lamb's wool fleece! Well, that's the material of these two coats. The plaid up-standing collar and facings are new points of this design. Lined throughout.

7 gns.

THIS COAT IS made from the same thistle-light cloth as the other, in the same three tones, and it has a touch of plaid—but there the likeness ends! Please admire its centre fastening and its youthful collar — we think they're grand! Lined throughout.

7 gns.

"It's smart to wear a bit of plaid in Scotland!"

say

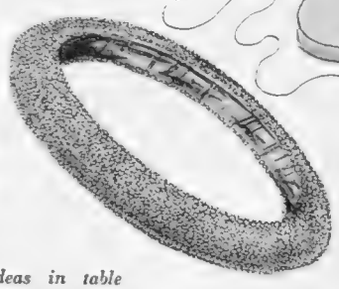
Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

London's Foremost Fashion Specialists

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd.,
London, S.W.1. Sloane 3440.

The Bystander Twins in search of novelties

Here are some interesting accessories from the Jaeger Bag Shop, 204, Regent Street. A soft wool fabric known as "Palm Beach" makes the bag, while the amusing bar handle, scarf pin and bangle are studded with multi-coloured bird-seed



It is excellent news that Jaeger's have created a special perfume called "Jaeger Bracken." As the name implies, it has an elusive fragrance suggestive of English countryside, and is ideally suited to tweeds and sports clothes. A sample bottle may be purchased for 1s.

Many new ideas in table mats are to be found at Walpole's, New Bond Street. The ones below are made in organdie, elaborately embroidered with ships. These and others with different designs are available in green, gold, and beige with ecru embroidery

Sheets nowadays offer a wide choice. They may be coloured, plain white, or mixed like the ones above, which come from Walpole's. These are made in fine white Irish linen with a coloured border and appliqué flowers. There are also pillow-cases to match

Soft washing satin makes this charming negligé from Robinson and Cleaver, Regent Street. The sleeves and motifs are in ecru lace, and the cost is 16s. 11d. A similar material is

Summer Diversions

Tennis at Frinton
Golf at Ashridge

Partners at Tennis

Frinton's Tennis Week

Above: two competitors at Frinton Tournament: Viscount Maitland and Mr. H. A. Bryceson, the latter about to do a spot of umpiring

Above: Miss J. Adam, with her mixed doubles partner, the Earl of Lauderdale, in the Frinton Lawn Tennis Tournament, which was as popular as ever with residents and visitors. The men's singles were won by C. E. Malfroy (N.Z.), and Mrs. Pittman beat Miss Ridley somewhat easily. The weather on finals day left much to be desired

Left: Miss K. Stammers and her host, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Albert Stern, with whom she played in the handicap mixed doubles

Mixed Open Competitions at Ashridge

Colonel Charles Wyld, Miss Cecil Leitch, Earl Cavan, and Miss J. Wyld, a quartette of competitors at Ashridge

Lady Hampden, Miss C. Martin Smith, Lord Hampden, and (sitting) Mr. Everard Martin Smith, four more competitors in the Mixed Open Competitions at Ashridge

"Golf Balls of Stoke"—A Four-Ball Tournament at Stoke Poges

Left: E. Rutherford and E. H. Chambers, two competitors in the above tournament, who caught a couple of tartars in C. Gray and P. L. Risden, in the first round. This pair went on to win the whole event, so that the first-round losers (by only 2 and 1) may console themselves that they gave the victors an early run for their money. Right: D. B. Anderson and H. H. Hodges, who reached the final, when they suffered defeat by 4 and 3

Frinton Is

Kid Berg, the noted boxer, enjoying a sunbath dogs also look as if they had been having a the Italian, Canzoneri, next month. On the actress, who has just signed a contract with whether it is more unpleasant to be punched

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

WHATEVER the outcome of the fourth Test match at Old Trafford—and by this time, of course, we know how the game went—one thing is certain: the England Selectors have made some very surprising decisions this season.

I have gone back over the Tests, carefully noting the men who have been chosen for the matches, and then following their fortunes later on. Take N. S. Mitchell-Innes, for instance. Here is a great batsman—one of the world's best, given the right kind of experience. Well, we see Mitchell-Innes playing in the first Test at Trent Bridge, and, as is sometimes the way with young cricketers, failing to get the runs of which he is so rich in promise.

What happened? The Selectors, true enough, chose the Oxford batsman for the following game at Lord's, but Mitchell-Innes had to cry off because of an attack of hay fever. Yet, curiously enough, he turned out for the University—and rattled up a brilliant century!

AND then came the third Test match, with Mitchell-Innes passed over by the Selectors. What a pity! They should, I am certain, have given this promising player, one whom C. B. Fry thinks will rank next to the peerless Don Bradman in the very near future, every chance to settle down to the rigours of Test cricket.

And then there is Hollies, the Warwickshire leg-break bowler. Hollies was chosen for the third Test, but had to cry off at the last moment because of an injury received during a bit of tomfoolery in the players' dressing-room. Again, what happened? When the team for the Manchester match was announced, Hollies, though fit again, does not appear among the list of England players! Curious, to be sure, and a bewildering example of the Selectors' attitude. Surely, if Hollies was good enough to be in the list of candidates for the Leeds Test, he was equally good enough to be considered for Manchester? Or, at least, you and I would think so!

Sutcliffe, the man England will want in Australia, is in the same boat as Hollies. He had to rest from the Leeds match owing to muscle strain—and then the Selectors ignored him for Manchester!

But perhaps the most puzzling bit of selecting was done before the third Test. Leyland, as you know, dropped out at the last moment through lumbago, and the Selectors went hurrying and scurrying to find Arthur Mitchell, a Yorkshireman who was not even among the probables for the game. Now, Leyland is a left-hander, and on the Leeds ground—and asked to be there by the Selectors—was another left-hander in James Langridge. But, no; Langridge was left out of the reckoning.

In giving these facts, I am trying to show just what a glorious muddle international cricket—at least, in England—is in at the present time. All these changes in our team cannot make for confidence among the players; and confidence, as anyone knows, is half the battle in cricket. England's team would play all the better in the knowledge that the Selectors had complete faith in them.

IN the meantime, I am mightily puzzled by the recall of genial Maurice Tate to England's ranks. Tate is forty—he will not be any younger when our side sails for Australia a couple of winters hence. So why was he asked to be at Manchester for the fourth Test against South Africa? If it was merely the Selectors' intention to choose a bowler who might upset the South Africans and give us a chance to snatch the "rubber" at the Oval, then why not go the whole hog and bring in Geary, now top of the first-class averages, and "Tich" Freeman, the finest spin-bowler in the country? Not, mind you, that I would advocate the selection of these seasoned campaigners, for what England needs most just now is a stock of good, *young* bowlers. Hollies, Copson, the Derbyshire speed specialist, now back to his best form, Smith, of Middlesex—these are the young players who should be tried.

As I see it, it does not matter whether we beat the South Africans this season. What we have to do is to build up a side—a young, eager side with the right spirit of confidence—to give the Australians a tumble when we next go "Down Under" in quest of the Ashes.

Meantime, things have been moving in county cricket. We have seen the Notts speed bowlers, Larwood and Voce, getting among the Yorkshire wickets. I was told by a friend at Trent Bridge that all the Yorkshire players were unanimous in their view that Larwood and Voce, as a pair, are the finest fast bowlers in the country. And yet they would seem to be out of international cricket for good. What a grave pity it is.

AND now to athletics. Straightway I must make reference to the very enjoyable meeting at the White City between Oxford and Cambridge and the Yale and Harvard teams. Once again our men only failed to win the contest—which ended in a draw, as you know, after quite a lot of confusion over the second position in the hurdles—through the Americans' success in the field events.

It is when we come to these field events that our athletes always lose points in international meetings. On the track, Britain does as well as any country, but then, when the pole vault and high jump and the rest come along, the Americans and the Continental athletes have us well beaten.

Well, I happen to know that before the next Olympic Games, which are to be held in Berlin next year, there is to be a big drive to improve our standard in field events. Last summer there was a very successful "field school" held at Loughborough, when the experts gave advice to athletic coaches from all parts of the country. This idea is to continue, while, I understand, promising

So *Bracing*

on the sands at Frinton, after a dip. The swim. It is rumoured that Berg will fight left is Kid Berg's wife, Helen Pain, the London Films. Opinions differ as to in a ring than to be shot in a studio

Polo at Ranelagh

The Panthers beat the Optimists in the final of the King's Coronation Cup, and above are Major P. Magor and Mr. E. H. Tyrrell-Martin, a pair of Panthers, Sir George Hastings and Lady Violet Baring, who performed the presentation, and two more Panthers, Captain E. G. Prior-Palmer and Mr. "Laddie" Sanford

performers will be given special training to sharpen them for the big test in Berlin.

By the way, that amazing pole-vaulter from the States, Keith Brown, is hoping to set up a new world's record before he retires. And, I learn, his retirement will follow his present trip to Europe. Brown is going to compete in the Swedish Games along with Jack Lovelock. If conditions suit him in Stockholm, he may well put the vault record up to 14 ft. 7 in.—a prodigious leap which he feels confident he can attain.

ANOTHER world-beater in Jackie Brown, the fly-weight champion, is in strict training just now. Brown is to face Benny Lynch, the Scottish fighter, in Manchester on September 9th. And his title will be at stake.

How will this contest go? Lynch is a great little boxer, but the one drawback to his chances at the moment is that he has had a long "lay-off" from the ring. Indeed, he has not had a big fight since he upset Tommy Pardoe, favourite for a bout with Brown, last April. Now, that is a very long time for a boxer to remain away from the ring. Still, the Scotsman is always so fit, and is trained so painstakingly that he may upset Jackie Brown. As it is, he will face the title-holder with the knowledge that he has already sent Brown down for several counts in a non-title match.

Brown, of course, is a very different proposition when defending his crown, and as I see it, the fight will be a desperately close affair, with the Scotsman, perhaps, just failing to gain the victory. Anyhow, it should be a great contest — and that's something in these days of disappointing fights.

Pony Racing at Northolt Park

Miss G. Sumpter leading in her Carmenta (T. Carey up), after winning the Northolt Cup

Foreign Visitors at Lord's

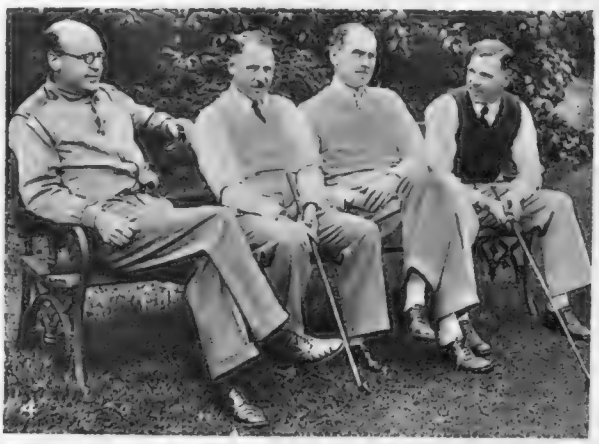
C. H. Taylor and N. J. D. Moffat going out to bat for the M.C.C. in the annual one-day match against our Netherlands visitors, De Flamingos, which was completely ruined by rain

The Battle of the Services

R. E. H. Hudson and C. P. Hamilton, who made 77 and 27 to start the Army innings against the Navy, which helped the Army to win with ease by an innings

Golf Clubs At Home: The Royal Burgess Golfing Society of Edinburgh, Barnton

(1) J. S. Graham (secretary) and J. W. Gibb (ex-councillor). (2) J. Cromb (starter) and P. Cafferty (professional). (3) R. C. Thyne, A. A. J. Wedderburn and Walter Young (ex-councillor). (4) D. M. Weatherstone, A. D. Lock, J. H. Underwood and A. Annan, Junior. (5) John W. Loudon (ex-councillor) and F. W. Botting. (6) J. T. Paul and J. B. Peden. (7) T. M. Plenderleith (ex-councillor) and J. D. Eunson. (8) D. D. Wallace and D. G. Wallace. (9) J. A. Smith and James Aitken



Right: Mr. E. H. Chambers, Miss A. Regnart, Mrs. H. Guedalla, and Mr. R. J. Allen at the Mixed Open Competitions at Ashridge Golf Club

Above: Mr. E. Turner, Miss Joy Winn, Mr. R. D. Blackwell and Miss A. Ramsden, also competitors at Ashridge. Miss Joy Winn won the women's medal competition event

Women's Golf:

Gossip

By Eleanor E. Helme

Miss Molly Gourlay, Miss J. Hill, and Mr. W. D. Southern awaiting their turn in the competitions at Ashridge

The "Bystander's"
Girls' Open Championship
Entry Form and Conditions on page viii.

DEAR BYSTANDER,

WHAT a thing it is to make a rash promise! In the heat of the moment at Newcastle, when everybody's tongue was wagging rather extra much, I vowed to have a say on the subject of gossip, and this seems a clear week when there is none to retail and the habit can be discussed instead.

Gossiping? Of course we all like it. What would a championship be without those pleasant idle hours, sitting over a fire or lying out on a sand-hill (according to taste and temperament), discussing fellow-competitors, their game, the way they put on their clothes, take their beatings, their successes; why the Selection Committee were all wrong (Selection Committees are always all wrong—that is part of the game), and the governing bodies are all wrong, and only our own opinion is all right. Maybe a healthy interest in the doings of other people is better than complete absorption in our own, and the love of being first in the field with a story is inherent in every one of us: a relic of childish days when "Do let *me* tell" was the instant sequel to the acquisition of any bit of news.

As cat to cat, none of us are above saying our say. For heaven's sake, let nobody think I am priggishly suggesting that my own chat is news and other people's is gossip! If I sound disapproving it is of myself quite as much as of anybody else. But I do feel it would make the golfing world slightly easier to live in if we all had a somewhat stricter regard for truth, and pretty often a kindlier interpretation of it, particularly towards the young. I don't mean that anybody deliberately circulates stories that they know to be lies, either with or without intent to do harm or hurt feelings, but there is a wonderful lot in the turn of a sentence or the inflexion of the voice. "I didn't play very well," said in all truth and modesty by a youngster who has beaten a famous golfer completely off her game, is so easily twisted into "I played muck," with its implication that what the loser played was indescribable. And the trouble is that the remark will quite certainly be repeated, with embellishments, to the famous player herself, and she—unless she be very much the right sort and fully aware of how stories grow—will be rightly indignant, and then the poor young player is dubbed "swollen-headed and insufferable," and everything else that old golfers have called young ones all down the decades, and which they themselves were quite certainly called in their young days. "She did make it rather easy for me," soon becomes "That was easy"; "I ought really to have won" changes imperceptibly to "I ought always to beat her," and so forth and so on, with a bumptious tone of voice used in the repeating which was never there when the remark was made originally.

It does seem to me a most disastrous pity that the old golfers—or, rather, the middling ones—are often so really horrid to the rising ones. If they did but realise it, those middling ones, it is such a give-away of themselves, such a confession that they know their own crowns to be slipping off their heads on to somebody else's, such a forgetting of how hard and difficult it is to be a young golfer. For golfers are so young nowadays when pitch-forked into publicity: they do not stop to pick their phrases or hide their feelings as an elder learns to do, and there is always somebody ready to pounce upon them and try to put them in the wrong.

On the part of the elders it is jealousy in the first place; in the second, forgetfulness or blindness to all the bricks they themselves dropped when they were young, and of how it hurt when somebody hurled them back, with additions, until they really did not know what to say; and whether it were better to be thought conceited when they owned to playing well, or insufferably conceited when they owned to playing badly and still winning. The tales one hears of clubs where the young players, even when eligible for full membership, are kept out of teams, pulled to pieces on every occasion, and generally treated to every petty spite that jealousy can devise, really sound too bad to be true. I only hope they are not true.

And the stupid part of it is that such treatment seldom does the slightest good, whereas to be friendly to the young player, taking her into the team, letting her see how beatings and victories *are* taken by the best-mannered players, very soon works wonders.

That is a digression from the subject of gossip, but perhaps not wholly irrelevant, because it does seem to be, on the whole, the poor, unfortunate young players, if they are in the least successful, who come in for the worst time at the tongues of their fellow-competitors. They and those in authority—especially Selection Committees. These, after all, must expect it, and it is wholesome that all forms of government should be freely criticised by those whom they govern; in any other way lies stagnation. Only it is as well for critics to be sure of facts, and to make their criticism constructive rather than sheer railing at things as they are.

Those who criticise, for example, the L.G.U. council, often forget that if the clubs (meaning, at bed-rock, the active playing members) are too indifferent or too busy playing their own golf to take a hand in electing sound delegates to the council or to serve on it themselves, then they have only themselves to blame if there is a lack of right stuff on that council and if Selection Committees lack the services of those who have first-hand knowledge of the players available.

There! I have said my say and don't want to teach my grandmothers, nor yet my grandchildren (if any), to suck eggs. But I do feel there was a good deal of wild gossiping at the last championship which was needless, ill-informed, stupid, and definitely harmful.

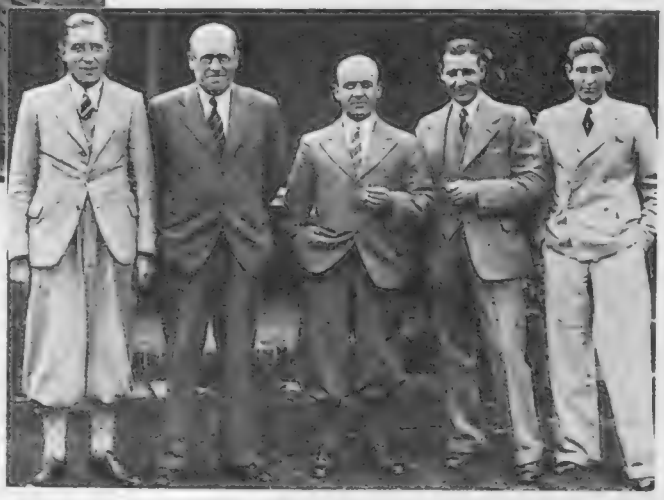
Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

The Ryder Cup Team

By J. S. F. Morrison

Left: E. C. Holloway, captain of Banstead Downs being presented by Colonel C. W. Myddleton with the trophy gained in the Surrey County Golf Union's Inter-Club Team Handicap at West Hill. The other members of the team are H. G. Ward, R. C. F. Rickett, S. E. Bullock, and C. J. Trollope

The Banstead Downs Team



The Shirley Park Team

The runners-up, Shirley Park, beaten by 3 and 2 by Banstead Downs in the Inter-Club Team Handicap. L. to r.: R. Upex, H. Higginbotham, F. P. Mitchell, C. D. Anderson, and E. J. Bailey

I DO not suppose that there are any members of the community who get more mud slung at them than those who sit on Selection Committees. The results of their labours practically never meet with the general approval of the public, and I must say that the opinion of the public is by no means always at fault. It is therefore all the more pleasant to see that the Selection Committee of the Professional Golfers' Association has started its task to pick the Ryder Cup team with selections with which few can find fault. To date only eight of the ten players have been selected, so there is still a chance for this Selection Committee to meet with general disapproval.

The eight players selected are Percy Alliss (Beaconsfield), R. Burton (Hooton), J. J. Busson (Pannal), W. J. Cox (assistant, Addington), E. W. Jarman (Prenton), A. H. Padgham (Sundridge Park), A. Perry (Leatherhead), and C. A. Whitcombe (Crews Hill). The oldest man in the side, C. A. Whitcombe, who is still under forty years of age, has been appointed captain; he should make a most excellent captain to the team, as he is very popular with his fellow-professionals and has had previous experience of American courses and, what is even more important, American climatic conditions. W. J. Cox, assistant to that great coach of the game, Fred Robson, at Addington, is, I believe, the first assistant professional ever selected to play for Great Britain against the United States in these matches. The Ryder Cup match this year is to be played over the course of the Ridgwood Country Club, New Jersey, on September 28th and 29th.

The heat and general climatic conditions in the United States are almost overwhelmingly against a British team, and consequently I can see little chance of our team meeting with success this year. I do hope that we will play our eight best players and not follow the custom of previous years, when the whole ten have been played in either the singles or the foursomes.

IT was very largely due to playing the reserve players that our ladies were defeated by the American ladies at Wentworth in 1932. It is right and proper on a friendly golf tour and in friendly matches to give all the players a game, but in international matches sentiment should be eliminated and the best possible team played, even if it means that the reserves have travelled a very long distance in vain.

I hope that the two places yet to be filled will be given to young golfers—assistants, for preference—as the experience gained on a tour such as this should be invaluable to their future golf. Assistants have done very well in nearly all the professional competitions this year, but they have never, with the exception of W. J. Branch's success in the Belgian Open, quite lasted the course. The American team has already been selected, and it will be captained by one of the greatest personalities in the game of golf since the war—namely, Walter Hagen, who will have under his captaincy Paul Runyan, S. Parks, jun., O. Dutra, K. Lafoon, J. Revolta, H. Picard, Horton Smith, Gene Sarazen, and Craig Wood.

This is a truly formidable team, and there are only three players who have not taken part in our Open—namely, the reigning U.S.A. Open champion, S. Parks, jun., K. Lafoon, and J. Revolta.

THE many golfers who knew him will be grieved to hear of the death of R. P. Humphries, who was in the semi-final of the Amateur Championship at Royal St. Georges in 1914, when he was only beaten by Major C. O. Hezlet holing a long putt on the last green.

The question "Who is the longest driver who has ever played golf?"—like the question "Who is the fastest bowler who has ever played cricket?"—will never be settled to the satisfaction of all. Without any question or doubt, the longest driver I, personally, have ever seen was Percy Humphries; he used the grip usually employed by a labourer driving a stake into the ground with a mallet, and took the club back so quickly that it was not possible to follow it with the eye. As a general rule he drove not only extremely far but also extremely straight: it was a very rare event if his tee shot came to rest less than 250 yards from its starting-point.

I PLAYED a considerable amount of golf with Humphries both before and after the war, and I cannot recall a single occasion when he topped a shot with either a wooden or iron club; of course, like everyone else, he played bad shots, but his bad shots were never tops; his usual method of playing a long two-shot hole was an enormous tee shot followed by a niblick shot of tremendous height; although he hit these niblick shots as hard as he could he played them extremely accurately, and even on hard, dry greens the ball seldom ran more than a yard or so after pitching owing to the enormous height to which it had been hit.

I can remember shortly after the war Humphries playing the first hole on the Old Course at Sunningdale with a drive and a niblick; the first hole then was considerably longer than it is to-day (to-day it measures 496 yards), and the ball Humphries used could not be hit nearly as far as the high-explosive ball of the present day. At that time it was considered a great feat to reach this green with two full wooden club shots.

PERCY HUMPHRIES played for Cambridge against Oxford in 1913 and 1914, and was victorious on both occasions; in 1914 he beat A. G. Barry, who had played golf for Cambridge seven years previously. I do not know of anyone besides Barry who has represented both Oxford and Cambridge. Barry scored a point for each University, but they were for the University for which he was not playing. The game of golf can ill afford to lose players like Percy Humphries; whether he was taking part in the most friendly match or a championship, he always played in a happy-go-lucky manner and looked as if he was thoroughly enjoying himself—a remark which most certainly does not apply to the majority of those who now play in championships and important competitions.

Oxford and Cambridge Draw With Harvard and Yale at the White City

By H. H. Harris

Left : K. S. Duncan (Oxford) won the 100 yards ; England's first event score being 1—2

The Americans were successful in the pole vault, thanks to Keith Brown (Yale), and in the high jump to R. C. Hall (Harvard)

Left : M. Green (Harvard) got home a double in the long jump and 220 yards hurdles

J. C. Stothard (Cambridge) was too good for his opponents in the mile

P. D. Ward (Cambridge) had matters all his own way in the three miles

Of course, the Americans won the weight. J. Johnson (Yale)

E. Smith (Yale) finishing first in the 220 yards, the closest race of the afternoon

Left: do you fly to swim? The aeroplane is a useful vehicle in this hot spell. You can fly to swim, either to the seaside, the river, or the local pool. The girls from the Windmill Theatre have been transported by "Moth" from Brooklands, where they are learning to fly

Below: at Heston (from l. to r.)— Lieut.-Col. F. C. Shelmerdine, D.G.C.A., Sir Maurice Bonham-Carter, chairman of General Aircraft, and Major C. J. W. Darwin, who looks after the Bristol Company's interests in London and abroad, photographed at Heston after inspecting the Central Repair Station, the most completely equipped civil aircraft depot in England

New 'Planes and Flying Facilities

By Charles Ward

The Race for the King's Cup

LATE entries for the King's Cup Air Race closed yesterday, and it is probable that at least thirty machines will face the starter on September 6th. There are three aircraft of entirely new design. One an experimental five-seater from de Havilland's; another built by the students of the de Havilland Technical School; and the third a two-seater coupé from the British Aircraft Manufacturing Co. This last is to be known as the "Cupid," presumably on account of its side-by-side seating facilities, is entered by Mr. Charles Best, and will be flown by Mr. Jack Armour. The Duke of Kent has entered the Percival "Mew Gull," in which the designer flew recently to Africa and back in a day. Mr. Cyril Nicholson, who owns that delightful country sports club at Firbeck Hall, near Worksop, has entered the new "Comet" which Tom Campbell Black is to fly next month on some record-breaking attempts. Lord Wakefield's entry is the T.K.2, which the de Havilland pupils are building, and Captain de Havilland himself is flying his own five-seater. The first day's course is a circuit covering England, Scotland, Northern Ireland, the Isle of Man, and Wales, a distance of nearly 1000 miles. A speed of 130 m.p.h. will be the minimum necessary to qualify for the second day's final heats. Pilots must have had at least 100 hours' solo flying experience, and, of course, aircraft as well as personnel must be all British.

At Heston and Woodley

THE Central Repair Station and many other innovations at Heston, which is England's most up-to-date airport, were the object of favourable comment by an expert gathering invited to meet Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister. The main hangar, with workshops on three sides, has an unobstructed span of 200 feet, considerably larger than those at Croydon. Floor space exceeds 32,000 square feet, and although the hangar is more than 30 feet high, it can be kept at a temperature of 70 degrees in winter-time, with a change of air thirty times an hour. Air Commerce is taking delivery of another "Jubilee" Monospar, and has bought a second "Leopard" to replace the old "Puss Moth." Mid-week bookings for the Royal Review at Spithead were a record for Heston, some hundreds of people flying on the many services to Portsmouth, Southsea, and the Isle of Wight. Business at Woodley is brisk, with four or five Phillips and Powis aircraft being delivered to customers each week. Tommy Rose is to fly Lady Wakefield's entry for the King's Cup—it is a Gipsy VI. edition of the Miles "Falcon." I saw under construction in the workshops a small "pusher," with two seats side by side. This is purely an experimental job at the moment, and will be fitted with a Pobjoy engine. Except for some of the Pterodactyl series, the "Drone" now being turned out at Hanworth, and the little two-seater built by Shackleton and Lee-Murray, there have been no "pushers" in the sky during recent years—at least, none that could be of any use to an owner-pilot.

Notices to Airmen

WHILST motor racing is taking place on Brooklands Track, pilots are earnestly requested to avoid flying over at a lower altitude than 2000 feet. Obviously it is distracting, to say the least of it, when driving a car at high speed, to be swooped on by an aeroplane, or even to be confronted suddenly with its shadow. Pilots must not land at Brooklands on race days without first obtaining permission in writing from the aerodrome manager.

There are now twenty-three licensed municipal aerodromes in the country, the most recent being that for Ramsgate, which has been approved for Customs, both for passengers and freight. Ramsgate is in a very convenient position for a flight to Belgium, and air services are being developed which should be good for tourist trade between the Thanet towns and those on the Belgian coast.

Aircraft owners are reminded that the weight of the 'plane, which must be painted clearly on its fuselage, may not be substantially altered through modifications to the 'plane without having the new weight checked and certified. There have been cases recently where aircraft have been overloaded by pilots who were unaware that the weight of the 'plane empty had been altered. This is a source of danger which must be avoided.

"Air congestion," a favourite subject of Sir Alan Cobham some five or six years ago, when his municipal aerodrome campaign was in full swing, is already within sight. Landings and take-offs, known to the aerodrome control officer as "movements," have reached one thousand in a day, and much stricter control is being imposed to avoid risks of collision, both on the ground and in the air. At Croydon and at Heston, regulations are rigidly enforced, and no pilot should land without being au fait with the order of the day.

Real Cocktails begin with

Have you visited "The Farm," London's latest restaurant and snack-bar? One approaches by the Turret Entrance in the courtyard of Lansdowne House and finds "The Farm" in the luxurious restaurant below. Here is truly rural serenity, but not at the expense of City comforts. In rustic surroundings one can enjoy a perfectly-cooked meal made still more delightful by one of Carlos' aperitifs. His cocktails are mixed with Booth's, the only matured Dry Gin.

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The English Motorist Abroad : By The Earl of Cardigan

Now that the facilities have been so much improved, there is no doubt that English motorists, in ever-increasing numbers, are getting into the habit of taking their cars with them when they go for a holiday abroad. The cost of transport across the Channel is considerably less than it used to be; foreign roads have become infinitely smoother, and the reliability of the modern car has reduced the risk of delay and difficulty almost to vanishing-point.

In spite of all this, there are many owners who have both the means and the inclination to go touring abroad, but who are somehow too nervous to make the attempt. It is a pity that this should be so; for the cause of such nervousness or lack of enterprise—call it what you will—is generally something quite illusory.

The most obvious example of this is the illusion that, for English people, it is difficult to drive on the right-hand side of the road. It is curious that this notion should persist so strongly, since it has been disproved over and over again by many thousands of tourists. It seems to be a sort of "hardy annual" among our modern motoring myths.

What people always forget is that, normally, the motorist from this country is landed at some busy port, such as Calais or Dieppe. The moment he gets off the ship he has to steer his car through moderately heavy traffic. So far from being difficult, this is actually of the greatest possible help to him.

The fact is that when one sees crowds of vehicles all being driven on the right-hand side of the road, the only natural thing is to follow suit and keep over to the right oneself. It requires no concentration to do this. Indeed, it would require great concentration to do otherwise.

PERSONALLY, I have had considerable experience of driving abroad, and can only recall one occasion when I had any difficulty in remembering whether to drive on the right-hand or left-hand side. That was ten years ago, when cars were fewer than they are to-day, and when I was going from one mid-European country into another, where a different rule of the road was in force.

In beautiful North Essex: a Ford V-8 in an Essex lane. The house at the back is the country home of Mr. John Gielgud

(Incidentally, it is worth noting that England is by no means the only country to adhere to the left-hand rule. Several other nations do likewise.)

In this instance I met no traffic at all for the first ten miles. Then suddenly a car appeared, coming fast towards me. I must confess that, for a second or two, I had to think quite hard!

Such a combination of circumstances is, of course, very exceptional. No such dilemma is likely to arise in the course of ordinary touring under present-day conditions.

Another deterrent to the English motorist is the theory—widely held—that all foreigners drive like maniacs, and that therefore, unless great care is exercised, there is the continual risk of getting involved in an accident. Again the difficulty is more apparent than real. I have no figures by me; but I doubt whether foreign

(*Continued on page* viii)

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The English Motorist Abroad

(*Continued from page* vi)

accident statistics are any worse than our own.

It is probably true that foreigners, on the whole, drive faster than we do—although this is certainly not universally the case. Also they tackle their cross-roads in more dashing style. When in doubt, they make more use of the electric horn, and less use of direct vision. They do not stop and look: they hoot and go!

As against this, the average degree of skill seems to be higher in foreign countries than at home. There are very few drivers who are incompetent from the technical point of view. The cautious, slow-going muddler is a much commoner type in England than anywhere else.

In other words, the foreign driver nearly always knows his job, and avoids serious trouble by doing the right thing at the very last moment. There is no danger that, in an awkward situation, he will lose his head. He has been familiar with awkward situations ever since he first learned to press a horn-button!

It is a matter of opinion, but personally I see little cause to fear this type of driver. He is a known quantity: his actions and reactions can be readily predicted. He will not "dither." He will push on if he can—and step firmly on his four-wheel brakes when there is no other alternative.

An Austin Light Twelve-Four in a typical Derbyshire setting near Matlock

Finally, I believe that many English motorists are afraid of being involved in trouble with the Continental police—and certainly it is an unpleasant prospect when one is not able to explain oneself fluently in the language of the country. Once again, however, the difficulty exists rather in theory than in actual practice.

If a motorist drives in a reasonable manner, and keeps his wits about him, he is not likely to commit anything worse than a trifling breach of the local regulations. In such a case, I have always found that the foreign policeman, once having discovered that the offender is a stranger in a strange land, is exceedingly helpful and courteous. He will explain the nature of the "crime," and merely ask the driver to be more careful on the next occasion

All officials, indeed, tend to be friendly and well-disposed, so long as they are not "rubbed up the wrong way." The fact that they are often fierce and military in appearance need not cause alarm to the bona-fide tourist. The keen young local constable in England is a much "tougher" obstacle to care-free motoring.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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The "Bystander"

GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (17th Year)

Scratch Match-play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges, September 4th, 5th and 6th. No Qualifying Round.

September 2nd.—International Match, Scotland v. England.

September 3rd.—Girls' Golfing Society's Meeting (Medal Play).

The *Girls' Open Championship* is open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 6th, 1935.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Monday, August 19th, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch knock-out match-play tournament at Stoke Poges, September 4th, 5th, and 6th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessfu semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The proprietors of the Bystander reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 5th by players beaten in the first, second, and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors not playing in the match Scotland v. England may practise free of charge on Monday, September 2nd, and all mothers or chaperons at a reduced green-fee of 3s. 6d.

SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND

Monday, September 2nd, at 2 o'clock.

An eighteen-hole match will be played at Stoke Poges between teams chosen from competitors in the Girls' Championship, 1935, representing Scotland and England. Qualifications: either parent, birth, or last two years' residence.

Challenge Cup, presented by Captain J. R. A. Stroyan, to be held for a year by the captain of the winning team, and replica to each member of that team. Competitors to state on their entry forms which country they are qualified to represent, and whether they would like to play if chosen.

WHERE TO STAY

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Stoke Court, Stoke Poges, Slough, Bucks. Terms: 16s. 6d. per day.

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Competitors should apply *early* to The Manager at any of these.

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Miss .....

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Telephone No. .....

Date and year of birth ..... *Club (if any).* .....

Handicap (if any) .....

I am qualified for { *Scotland, / *England, }

*and should like / *but should not like } to play if chosen.

* Cross out whichever does not apply.

Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors, Illustrated Newspapers, Limited, by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Limited, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Limited, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Wednesday, July 31, 1935.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
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"LET'S GET OUT OF LONDON"

By "Adam Wayfarer"

IF hens are confined to the restricted outlook of their coops when broody . . . canaries have to view the world—and what a world!—through the bars of a cage . . . there is no reason whatsoever why we humans should coop ourselves up on hot summer nights in London Town when, with modern transport and modern roads, we can so easily hie ourselves away to the leafy lanes of Surrey . . . the banks of Old Father Thames . . . or sip brandy and coffee with the setting sun casting its glow on the Northern slopes of the Sussex Downs.

For, actually, the getting out of town presents little difficulty . . . in spite of Mr. Hore Belisha! . . . once you have pretty clearly in your mind whither you are bound.

To whet your appetite for the joys of exploration I will tell you of a dozen or more places within an hour to an hour-and-a-half's run from town . . . and quicker still on the run home in the cool of the evening.

You must remember that the English Roadside House is changing every day. Old inns are no longer the retired quarters of the ex-Sergeant Major. More and more they are coming into the hands of folk accustomed to good living themselves, and who give a genuine welcome to those who are like-minded.

An aerial view of the Ace of Spades (Kingston By-Pass), giving an excellent impression of the swimming-pool and the extensive arrangements for motorists

So out with maps (preferably ones showing clearly the new Arterial and By-Pass roads) out with swim suits . . . foot on the accelerator . . . and away.

Each of us has a favourite exit from London. Perhaps mine is down the Cromwell and West Cromwell Roads, past Olympia, over Hammersmith Bridge, so that almost before I realise it I am away through Barnes, Richmond Park, Robin Hood Gate, and on to the Kingston By-Pass.

Ace of Spades

SUPPOSE we have started reasonably early—at sixish, say—we shall, in half an hour, be well past the Ace of Spades—a strategic point of call, this—on to the Portsmouth Road, through Esher, Cobham. That is, of course, provided that we do manage to pass the Ace of Spades, which, with its attractive swimming-pool, its two ballrooms and its restaurant, fully licensed until 11.30 p.m., is perhaps the best known of all the Road Houses.

The swimming-pool (both here and at the Ace of Spades, on the Great West Road) is warmed, and the water purified by two distinct systems, each of which is a recognised method of sterilisation.

The Hautboy, Ockham

ON, then, until, nineteen miles from town, our destination will be signalled in the shape of a sign-board saying "Hautboy Hotel, Ockham. Two miles." And what Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Adams do not say on their board, but what I can tell you, is that at the Hautboy you get meals equal to any first-class London restaurant, and a rare choice of wine . . . and that once you have become known to Mr. and Mrs. Adams, you will find leaving there exceedingly difficult. Let me implore you—don't, if you can help it, just go there for a drink and a sandwich, as some friends of mine told me they had done the other day. Maybe they thought they would be stung if they ordered anything more, but I can assure you that prices are very reasonable, and if you are appreciative of good food and wine, you will be

"21 miles from Town. . . ." The Hautboy Hotel, Ockham, where food and wine of the very finest can be served in antique surroundings or in a lovely garden

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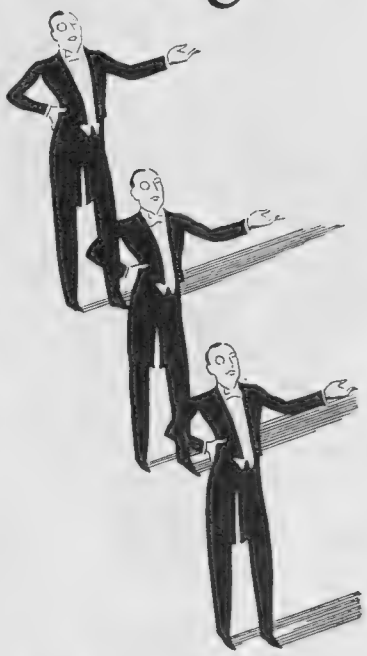

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Col. J. L. O'Connor, D.S.O., O.B.E., Mine Host of Ye Olde King's Head Hotel, Horsham. His cellars, which are the Headquarters of Ye Royale and Anciente Society for Ye Restitution of Convivial Nights, are unique

stung with remorse that you have passed that "Hautboy" direction sign so often before.

Ye Olde King's Head, Horsham

AND another evening, via the Kingston By-Pass, I have another pet objective. This time, turn left at the Ace of Spades, through Leatherhead (ignore the By-Pass if there is little traffic), past Burford Bridge, taking the Dorking By-Pass on to the Horsham Road, and so to Horsham.

Here, in the old Carfax, you will find another gourmet's delight and wine connoisseur's joy . . . a place so old that stray Americans, finding themselves at Ye Olde King's Head are apt to become a little overlyrical. . . .

Once again you will quickly sense that it is not the historic environment alone, but a living personality that is the draw. Colonel O'Connor has had the good sense to realise that, given the right surroundings, the right staff, and the right stuff, the Town will flock to his doors. He has achieved this task, which, incidentally, is his hobby, so successfully that the world and his wife make long treks to eat at Ye Olde King's Head. Few hotels can claim such a visitor's book of celebrities, yet the charges there have never swollen in line with this success.

The Birch Hotel, Haywards Heath

ON the Brighton Road is another worth-while objective. One day, when you get as far as Horley, turn off through Balcombe to Haywards Heath, and just on the other side, on the Lewes Road, is an hotel well worth noting, The Birch.

Several months ago it was purchased by Commander Harris, who spent much money putting the finishing touches on to what was already an attractive hotel. To-day it is so good that knowledgeable motorists Brightonwards bound go out of their way, via The Birch, for a meal and a swim.

The swimming-pool is not open to the general public, but anyone who looks respectable, as, of course, all BYSTANDER readers do, will

The Birch Hotel at Haywards Heath. If you are "to or from" Brighton, look in there for a meal and a swim

have no difficulty in getting a swimming pass from Commander Harris. It is very picturesque, with the latest and most improved type of filtration. On summer days you can have tea there, and this is one of the best ways of spending a "P.S.A."—which, in case you have forgotten, is a "pleasant Sunday afternoon"! One tip, though: don't think you can blow into The Birch for the "odd spot." The Birch is licensed, but only for meals (although, of course, a sandwich is a meal by law). I know Commander Harris would rather I told you this beforehand, for he suffers from remorse at times when having to refuse people he would like to welcome, and from indignation at other times, when the type arrive who demand drinks and are offensive when politely turned down.

The Gay Adventure, Esher

ANOTHER day, when the claims of London overpower the call of the road and I cannot get away until latish, on reaching Esher I take the Walton Road, and in a little more than a mile switch off the engine at The Gay Adventure.

Maybe you have hesitated to venture in here, for the high wall is distinctly forbidding. But if this has deterred you previously, hesitate no longer—for, once inside, you will give gasps of surprise at the flowers that greet you . . . the fragrance that assails you . . . and, hey, presto! that wall is forbidding no more.

The Gay Adventure is *not* a Roadhouse—it is just itself. One cannot define its individualities, but my own impression is that its genesis is the personality, the business instinct and the unerring, almost uncanny, knack that Mrs. Cook, of omelette fame—its resident owner—has in doing the right thing at the right moment. In summer, to swim in the pool, to dine on the lawn by the riverside, to smell the honeysuckle and other plants, to wander around the attractive grounds are delights you must sample to know, though when the evenings draw in, or the weather is dull, there is a brightness and fascination about the restaurant of The Gay Adventure. Most habitués are those to whom it has been recommended, and who, in turn, have recommended others. As Mrs. Cook put it to me, "No one comes to my swimming-pool to BATH—they come to BATHE!" And so, thank goodness for that wall without . . it is only those "in the know" who venture in!

Attached to the "Adventure" is the Half-Way Club, so called because The Gay Adventure, or part of it, was once the Half-Way House Inn between Guildford and London. Membership is carefully restricted, and if ever you lunch or dine there you will be certain of a very worth-while meal. If you dance, well . . . all I need say is that Mrs. Cook never does things by halves.

Lady Rosalind, hostess at The Gay Adventure, where the famous Mrs. Cook will provide you with an omelette or a full dinner in the most delightful surroundings

Right: the Olde Bell, Hurley, one of the oldest Inns in England, run on distinctly modern lines by Mr. Trapani, late of the Hotel de Paris, Bray, and the Café de la Paix

The Blue Pool, Camberley

And one day turn off the Great West Road through Staines and Sunningdale and you will find a swimming-pool which, for its perfect setting, takes a lot of beating. The Blue Pool! An apt name for this bluest of blue water. "The Pool Beautiful" is the only alternative I can think of. For here, with a setting of pines in the background . . . grassy slopes in the foreground . . . is "a wind-locked harbour." And so you can sun-bathe without a chance of Old Man East Wind playing spoil-sport around the corner.

What a clean pool this is! Apart from the special filtration plant . . . and the fact that the Blue Pool attracts mostly Army men and their families resident in the vicinity . . . it is the especial pride of a retired Naval man, Commander Mandley who, like all those who have been afloat, makes spick-and-spanness part of his religion.

A suitable setting for a novel by H. de Vere Stacpoole, not far from Sunningdale. The Blue Pool at Camberley naturally attracts the many Army men who live near by

Ye Olde King's Head Hotel
Horsham

"And now ye wayfarer, on ye shanks's pony, or driver of ye anciente chariot, I bid ye repaire to Ye Olde King's Head Hotel at Horsham which, from ye recordes, is a Public Inne in the Year of Our Lord 1401. BUNG! . . .

If you go to the King's Head to lunch or dine you will have a repast worthy of the best traditions of the English Inn, for Col. James L. O'Connor, D.S.O., O.B.E., is a born 'mine host,' a connoisseur of good fare and choice wines . . . a lover of good company. In ye old cellars, which are the headquarters of Ye Royale and Anciente Society for Ye Restitution of Convivial Nights . . . more generally known as "The Bungs" . . . there is a wealth of vintage wines and rare brandy."

Extract from "Let's Halt Awhile," by Ashley Courtenay

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You can, of course, take tea there—under gay umbrellas, or, if the weather should be unkind, under shelter.

The Olde Bell, Hurley

AGAIN taking the Great West Road, through Slough, Maidenhead, and then right to Henley, you will find what is reputed to be the oldest licensed, and possibly the oldest inn (dating from A.D. 1135) in England—The Olde Bell, at Hurley.

Before long, without destroying the past, Mr. G. Trapani will have made this one of England's most modern inns. He has recently taken it over, and with his flair for catering, his experience (he was formerly Manager of the Hotel de Paris at Bray, and more recently at the Café de la Paix, Regent Street), you will find a discerning public motoring down to this noted Thames house.

Already he is setting about improvements . . . re-equipping bedrooms, fitting them with hot and cold water . . . putting in new bathrooms . . . re-designing and floodlighting the garden . . . Mr. Trapani will not let the Olde Bell get rusty . . . he is ringing in the new, yet maintaining the old.

Morrell's, West Wickham

SOUTH LONDON especially will welcome the very good restaurant which opened just three months ago on the other side of West Wickham. Turn to the left at the bottom of Corkscrew Hill and you will find it a few yards ahead, at a most strategic point, easily accessible, yet off the main road.

Its name is Morrell's . . . and it is not only new . . . it is "news" as well. For you can dine here every night quite as well as you can at the better places in London . . . you can dance to a band which produces music at its most rhythmic and pleasant. There is a West End cabaret every night . . . and the price you pay for all this is really exceptionally moderate. . . .

I like the decorations and the lighting . . . I like the food . . . I like to know of a restaurant such as this so near at hand, yet out of London . . . in fact, I am most grateful to Mr. Tschanz, the manager, who seems to have spent his life starting one successful venture after another, for having turned his attention from restaurants in such places as Cairo, India and South Africa to undertake this new one so much nearer at hand. Already developments are foreshadowed . . . for Mr. Tschanz is planning a swimming-pool and a garden on the roof.

Mr. Tschanz, manager of Morrell's, West Wickham, a restaurant with a kitchen worthy of the West End

Amwell Swimming Pool, Ware

FOR those who live in the North of London and want a quick run out on summer evenings or during the week-end, is the Amwell Swimming-Pool, just this side of Ware. Leaving Hoddesdon behind, stop your Green Line 'bus or turn off the road half a mile before you reach Ware . . . at the first bridge crossing the small canal on the right which runs parallel with the road, where a notice directs "The Amwell Club." You will be most agreeably surprised, when you reach the top of the lane, to find here a really inviting pool, surrounded by sun-bathing grass terraces and lawns, carefully tucked away out of sight of roads or houses . . . and floodlit at night. It is 330 yards long . . . championship length . . . has a diving board 33 ft. high at one end with 16 ft. of water beneath it, and a tree-shaded, sandy-bottomed shallow end especially designed for children.

North of London, the Amwell Swimming-Pool, near Hoddesdon, is a club whose members are particularly fortunate in having this delightful pool, fed from a natural spring

A natural spring fills the pool by bubbling up through gravel, so that the water is always fresh, and there is no need to chlorinate it.

The amount of space everywhere is one of the great advantages of this club. The large dance floor, for instance, the attractive bar, the cafetaria, where ham and eggs and even dinner or lunch can be produced, as well as tea and cakes. And another great point is the moderate gate-charge, which will give you the right to enjoy every inch of the club as though it were your own private property, if you are lucky enough to be elected a member.

SINCE writing the above a little book has come into my hands which should prove invaluable to those who are on the look-out for the really nice places in Kent, Surrey and Sussex. It describes some eighty places, hand-picked by its author, Mr. Ashley Courtenay. *Let's Halt Awhile* is the best shilling's-worth I have met for a long time. May he continue the good work in other counties.

DEFINITELY UNIQUE!

A round of GOLF—A set of TENNIS

DANCING if you are so minded—and of course—a SWIM

In Natural Spring Water, then call it A DAY—or NIGHT!

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TRY A "LONG" MARTINI

A long cooling drink for a warm day—Martini, or Dry Martini Vermouth, with soda or lemonade. Mix it in a large tumbler to your own taste. You'll agree it's the finest long drink you've ever tasted!

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ACE OF SPADES

Kingston By-Pass *Gt. West Road*

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

A Midsummer Night's Dream.—With Fay Compton making her first open-air appearance as Titania, and Lewis Casson as Quince: Open Air Theatre, 8.30. Thurs. Sat., 2.30.

Close Quarters.—Fine acting by Flora Robson and Oscar Homolka in this two-charactered drama with a murder foundation: Haymarket, 8.45. Wed., Thurs., 2.45.

The Dominant Sex.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Lady Precious Stream.—This delightful Chinese play includes in its cast Maisie Darrell, Morris Harvey, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Love on the Dole.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

The Mask of Virtue.—A Restoration comedy written to-day; it 's polished, witty, naughty; the stars are Jeanne de Casalis, Lady Tree, Vivien Leigh, Frank Cellier: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Noah.—A great impersonation of Noah by John Gielgud; Marjorie Fielding is Mrs. Noah.; this English version of Obey's drama has much of the profundity, humour and poetry of the original: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Sweet Aloes.—Diana Wynyard's fine acting as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play must be seen again: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

This Desirable Residence.—A. R. Rawlinson's play from the Embassy Theatre, with Marie Ney, Eric Portman, Frederick Leister: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Tovarich.—First-class theatrical value as to story and dialogue, and a fine cast headed by Eugénie Leontovich and Cedric Hardwicke: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

The Wind and the Rain.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the part as heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

Anything Goes.—You 'll like Cole Porter's music, Jeanne Aubert's shining effectiveness, Sydney Howard's fooling, and the whole speedy, decorative, amusing show: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Gay Deceivers.—A musical nonsense; Clifford Mollison and Charlotte Greenwood do some superb fooling; Claire Luce and Gina Malo dance and look decorative: Coliseum, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Glamorous Night.—Not for the critical sophisticate, but it 's got everything a full-size Ruritanian musical comedy can have, including Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Jill, Darling!—Arthur Riscoe's sombre fooling is irresistible; Irene Palasty is attractive and amusing; it 's a bright and lively show: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Love Laughs—!—Renee Houston is the shining star of this cheerful musical comedy with a film studio story; Laddie Cliff, Alan Kearns, Barbara Newberry are in it too: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Revudeville No. 63.—Edwin Lawrence has joined the cast to assist Hugh Rene in supplying comedy, Ken Douglas being on holiday. Meggie Eaton, Norah Chapman, and Eric Woodburn are all back, and "Breach of Promise," in which Doris Barry made such a success some months ago, will be revived with her in her old part. Scenes include the "Stone Age," a film studio, and a finishing school, and there is an attractive tableau entitled "My Lady's Fan." The modern ballet is based on "The Blues": Windmill, 1.30—11.30 non-stop.

1066 and All That.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoy themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

Night Must Fall.—Don't go if you 're nervous—Emlyn Williams acts the young murderer too well; there 's humour as well as horror in this excellent play: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Someone at the Door.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a lowbrow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neil are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

The Two Mrs. Carrolls.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Vintage Wine.—Seymour Hicks has revived this comedy; Julia Neilson and Greer Garson are in it too: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

Baboona.—The Martin Johnson's jungle-life film, with baboons as the stars: Polytechnic.

Becky Sharp.—The new technicolour film, with Miriam Hopkins as Becky, and Cedric Hardwicke in the strong cast; the lighting and colour-design are well worth seeing: New Gallery.

Bulldog Jack.—Jack Hulbert as a deputy Bulldog Drummond, with Ralph Richardson as his gangster enemy, and Fay Wray as the girl-friend: Tivoli.

The Call of the Wild.—A film version of Jack London's story, with Clark Gable, Loretta Young, and Jack Oakie London Pavilion.

Cardinal Richelieu.—George Arliss puts on the robes of yet another big man of history: Leicester Square.

Farewell.—A revival of the film based on the episodes and romance in the life of Frédéric Chopin: Curzon.

Laddie (Radio).—Gene Stratton Porter's story with John Beal, Gloria Stuart, and the new child actress, Virginia Weidler; and Eight Bells, with Ann Southern and Ralph Bellamy: Capitol.

The Love Affair of the Dictator.—With Clive Brook and Madeleine Carroll; and The Case of the Curious Bride: Dominion.

Mimi.—Adapted from *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr. and Gertrude Lawrence: Empire.

Private Worlds.—Phyllis Bottome's novel filmed, with Claudette Colbert as the woman doctor, Joel McCrea as her colleague, Charles Boyer as the rival: Plaza.

Shanghai.—An Oriental drama with Loretta Young, Charles Boyer, Alison Skipworth, and Warner Oland: Carlton.

St. Petersburg.—Russia of 1860, filmed by a Soviet company, based on two Dostoievski stories; the hero is a young violinist, and there 's some good music; and Joy of Life, with Gordon Harker: Academy.

The Thirty-Nine Steps.—John Buchan's thriller (stars—Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll; director—Alfred Hitchcock) is now at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

Woman in Red.—A Warner picture with Barbara Stanwick and Gene Raymond; and White Cockatoo: Regal.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition Burlington House.

BALLET

Ballets Russes.—Colonel de Basil's Company, and the L.P.O. to play for them, are at Covent Garden.

Carnaval; Les Cent Baisers; Union Pacific: Wednesday, July 31st, matinée.

Les Sylphides; Les Cent Baisers; Le Mariage D'Aurore: Wednesday evening, July 31st.

Jardin Public; L'Oiseau de Feu; Le Beau Danube: Thursday, August 1st.

Les Cent Baisers; Choreartium; Union Pacific: Friday, August 2nd.

Scuola di Ballo; La Boutique Fantasque; Cotillon: Saturday, August 3rd, matinée.

Carnaval; Les Cent Baisers; Le Tricorne: Saturday evening, August 3rd.

DANCING AND DINING

Out of London

Ace of Spades, Kingston By-Pass.—Dancing to Percy Chandler's band in the pool-side ballroom every night; restaurant and pool open all night.

Ace of Spades, Great West Road.—Pool-side restaurant and large new swimming-pool open all night.

Amwell Club, Great Amwell, Ware, Herts.—Restaurant, swimming-pool, golf, tennis, and garden with children's paddling-pool and fountains.

Birch Hotel, Haywards Heath.—Picturesque swimming-pool with improved type of filtration and lovely garden.

Blue Pool, Camberley.—Restaurant, swimming, lovely surroundings; ideal for sun-bathing.

Gay Adventure, Esher.—Swimming in the sterilised and warmed pool; sun-bathing in the lovely garden; dancing to Tony Eldridge's band.

Hautboy Hotel, Ockham, Surrey.—Old-world garden; good food in the unique dining-room; best cocktails on the road; no swimming—but a smuggler's den!

King's Head, Horsham.—Although installed with modern equipment, still has the 1401 atmosphere; renowned for its cellars and genuine old-fashioned English fare.

Morrell's, West Wickham.—Dine and dance in the "Garden of England," nightly cabaret. Merlin Morgan and his music; swimming.

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• GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lafayette

Margaret Connell Ross

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Ross, of Monkwood House, Ayrshire, and is being married to the Hon. Robert Dundas, younger son of the late Viscount Melville, and of Viscountess Melville

Lenare

Zalia Snagge

Is engaged to Esmond Charles, youngest son of the late Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Guy Baring, M.P., and Mrs. Baring, of Forbury, Kintbury, Berks. Her parents are Sir Harold Snagge, K.B.E., and Lady Snagge, of 4, Cadogan Terrace, S.W.

Bardsley — Stafford

The Rev. John Bardsley, of Achinota College, Gold Coast, only son of Canon E. J. and Mrs. Bardsley, of Nottingham, married at St. John Baptist, Buckhurst Hill, Bridget Helen Stafford, eldest daughter of Mr. Justice and Lady Crossman, of Buckhurst Hill, Essex

Hay Wrightson

Pamela Agnes Hunter-Tod

Is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Arthur Thorowgood, Willow Wood, Ashley Green, Bucks, and the late Hunter Finlay Tod, F.R.C.S., and is engaged to John Shepherd-Smith, second son of the Rev. P. W. and Mrs. Shepherd-Smith, of the Vicarage, Isleworth

Lafayette

Elizabeth Susan Hogg

Of 1, Cadogan Court, S.W.3, is to marry Captain Wilfrid Edmund Rogers, son of the late Rev. and Mrs. W. F. C. Rogers, of Falmouth. She is the widow of J. P. R. Hogg, and daughter of the late Henry Kidd, and Lady Mary Kidd

Wrangham — Cotton

Cuthbert Wrangham, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Wrangham, of Eastbourne, and nephew of Sir Herbert Wilberforce, Deputy Chairman, County of London Sessions, and Chairman of the All-England Club, and Teresa Cotton, elder daughter of the late R. C. F. Cotton, and Mrs. Cotton, of Eastbourne, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Douglas

Honor Felicity Strong

Younger daughter of the Rev. Rupert S. Strong, Vicar of Drury Lane, and of Mrs. Strong, of 55, Lansdowne Road, W.11, whose engagement is announced to William Searle (Peter) Parker, son of the late Harry Parker, headmaster of Rottingdean School, and Mrs. Parker

Lenare

Penelope Fearfield

Who is to marry Denis James ffoliott Campbell, East Surrey Regiment, youngest son of the late Brig.-General G. P. Campbell, C.I.E., C.B.E., R.E., and Mrs. Campbell. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fearfield, of Webbington Paddock, Somerset, and Bikaner, India

Hay Wrightson

Evelyn Jeannie Harper

Second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Cecil Harper, of Hurstwood Lodge, Bournemouth, whose engagement has been announced to Philip Hoghton Dorté, only son of Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Dorté, of Cannes, Alpes Maritimes

Lenare

Pamela Tooth

Who is to marry Frederick Godsalve, only son of Dr. and Mrs. V. Godsalve Ward, of the Tiled House, West Byfleet. She is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. E. A. (Jim) Tooth, of 17, Upper Grosvenor Street, W.1

Bardolph — Kiddle

Arthur Bardolph, the former Richmond and Cambridge Rugby football player, married to Margaret Kiddle, daughter of Commander R. Kiddle, R.N. (ret.), and a cousin of Jean Batten, of flying fame, at the Savoy Chapel

Hart-Davis — Tosh

At St. Matthew's Church, West Kensington, John Anthony Vivien Hart-Davis, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hart-Davis, of Kensington, was married to Elaine Murray Tosh, only daughter of the late Elmslie Tosh, and of Mrs. G. U. Thomson, of Annfield, Broughty Ferry, Angus

McAnally — Knight

Arthur Patrick McAnally, son of Sir Henry and Lady McAnally, of Pembroke Villas, Kensington, and Basil Hamilton Stuart Knight, daughter of Engineer-Captain G. G. Knight, R.N., and the late Mrs. Knight, of Bournemouth, were married at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington

Smith — von Ompteda

At St. George's, Hanover Square, R. S. G. Smith, 4th Queen's Own Hussars, eldest son of Major and the Hon. Mrs. T. Close Smith, of Boycott Manor, Bucks, was married to Baroness Florence von Ompteda, only daughter of the late Robert Baron von Ompteda, and Mrs. Clifford Stringer, of Larkwood, Camberley Heath

Mosenthall — Grant

Dennis Harry Mosenthall, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Mosenthall, of Pinkney's Green, Maidenhead, who was married to Peggy Muriel Grant, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Grant, of Cape Town at St. George's Church, Hanover Square

Redgrave — Kempson

In the Chapel of the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, Rachel Kempson, the daughter of the headmaster of Dartmouth, and Mrs. Kempson, was married to Michael Scudamore Redgrave, son of Mrs. Anderson, and of the late Roy Redgrave, of Chapel Street, Belgrave Square

Kemp-Welch — Hunter

Taken at the reception after the wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, between Peggy Hunter, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, of Garrows, Perthshire, and Cadogan Gardens, and Peter Kemp-Welch, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Brian Kemp-Welch, of Bruton Place and Kineton

Wolstenholme — Rolt

John Parks Wolstenholme, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wolstenholme, of Walshaw Hall, Bury, Lancs, who was married at All Souls', Langham Place, W.1, to Mary Digby Rolt, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Rolt, of Heathside Park Road, Woking

Hay — Hugonin

At St. Paul's Church, Edinburgh, by the Right Reverend Bishop of Edinburgh, Major G. H. Hay, D.S.O., the Royal Scots, of Duns Castle, Berwickshire, was married to Patricia Mary, daughter of Major and Mrs. Etienne Hugonin, of Merchiston Avenue, Edinburgh

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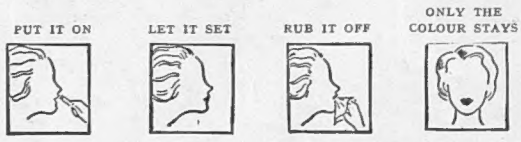

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